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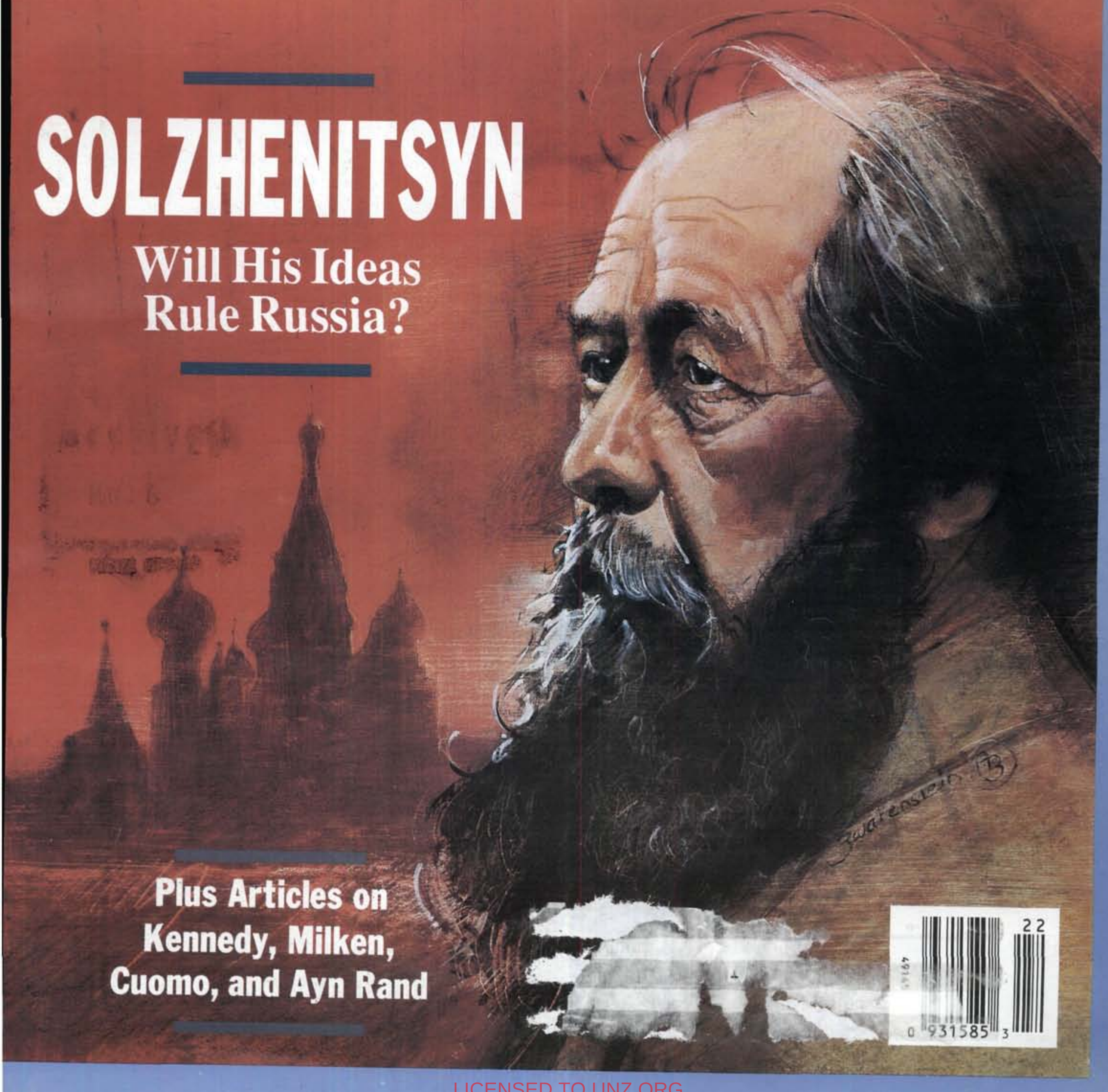
Vol. 42 No. 10

Rebuilding America—Special Supplement

NATIONAL REVIEW



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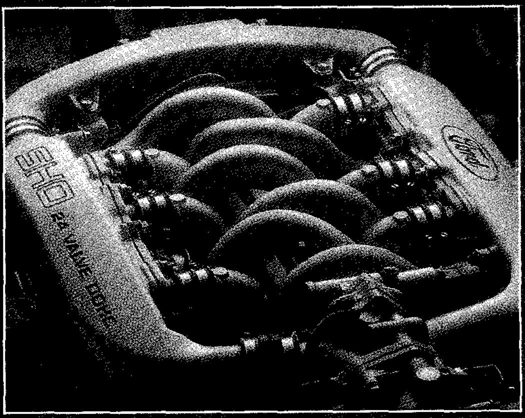

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Cover Story

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Is Gorbachev our best hope for a peaceful world? **Xan Smiley** demonstrates why the people of the Soviet Union won't support him, and asks whether Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn can show the way to a free Russia. **Lawrence A. Uzzell** examines where the oft-misunderstood Solzhenitsyn really stands.

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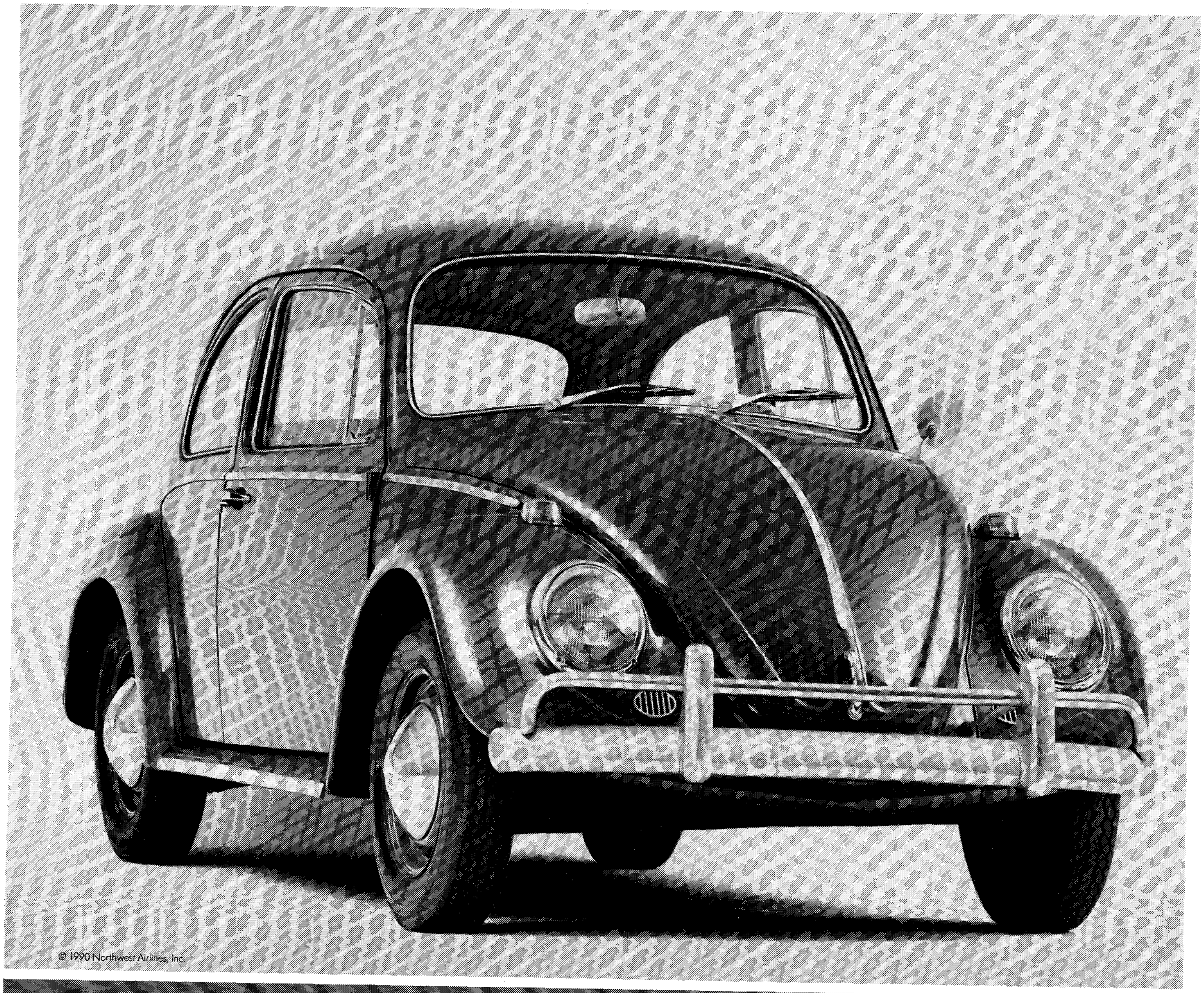

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LETTERS

A Canadian Perspective

I agree with John Goodman ["An Expensive Way to Die," April 16] in his belief that Americans are very unlikely to disavow their pluralistic, comparatively expensive health-care system. However, he argues that an amplitude of resources does not correspond to the population's health status, while simultaneously implying that the proliferation and diffusion of tertiary-level technology saves lives. On this slippery slope lies the problem. While some technology can improve patient outcome, placing this technology in every hospital would redirect funds destined for less glamorous but compellingly effective programs.

In Canada we generally support a publicly financed system that does a little for everyone instead of a lot for a few. We have chosen a course of implicit rationing. Our egalitarian disposition favors this first-dollar coverage for all, rather than unrestricted access for those with the right insurance plan or comfortably deep pockets.

Our federal and provincial governments err, perhaps, in not explaining to people that ostensibly "free" services operate with imposed input limitations. If this means that coronary-artery bypass grafts, hip replacements, radiological examinations, and other procedures will be rationed, let's ensure that the government says so. And if we don't like this tradeoff, we have only to vote with our ballots and our dollars. But before doing so, we must recognize that the American system will cost more money without producing better results.

For the time being, Canadians, on balance, are content to live with a health-care system that offers all of its citizenry a reasonable quality and quantity of health services. However, public expectations are pushing the edges of the envelope. Consumers are growing increasingly restive in a system that forbids them to secure health services supplementary to those services nominally made "freely accessible."

As Goodman notes at the close of his article, "national health insurance, as it operates in other countries, would not survive the American cultural and legal system." All too true. All too bad.

James H. Stonehouse
Executive Director
London Teaching Hospitals' Council
London, Ont.

It is not clear that American medicine is more expensive than Canadian medicine when adjustments are made for differences in the two countries. (The U.S. has a higher percentage of elderly people, more crime, more teenage pregnancies, etc.)

Hospitals in Ontario contract with hospitals in Detroit to perform open-heart surgery, as do hospitals in British Columbia with hospitals in Seattle. The reason? Canadian hospital administrators are convinced that American hospitals can perform the surgery more cheaply.

In return for the money we spend, we get the highest quality of care in the world. A premature baby, a child born with spina bifida, a patient with cancer or heart disease—all have a greater chance of survival in a U.S. hospital, although this reality may eventually become a curse rather than a blessing.

As for health-care rationing, no one wants to see the entire gross national product spent on health care. But isn't it better to allow patients to make choices rather than to have government (or hospitals, or physicians) decide who lives and who dies? —JG

Airpork

William McGurn's analysis of the defense-budget battles brewing up in Congress ["Divvying Up the Peace Dividend," April 30] rehashes the Administration's argument that Congress restored the V-22 Osprey program because it is a "pork" project. But his charge that the V-22 should be eliminated because it is an "outdated" program is a new one, and is far off the mark.

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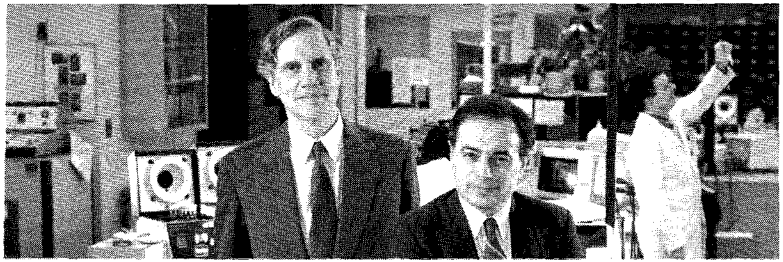

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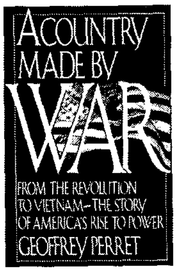
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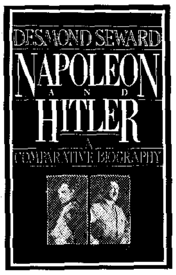
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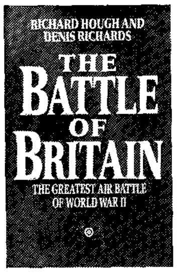
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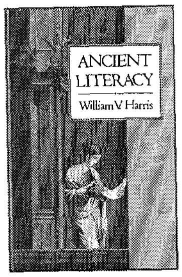
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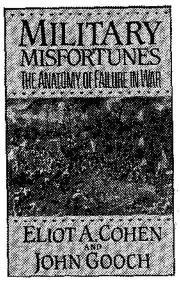
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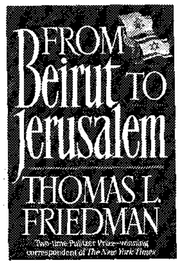
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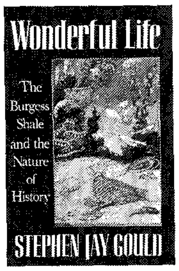
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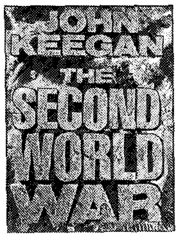
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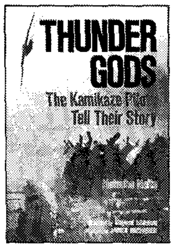
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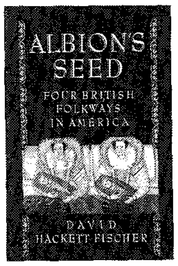
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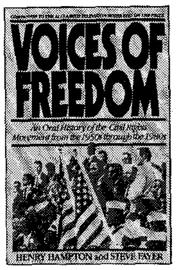
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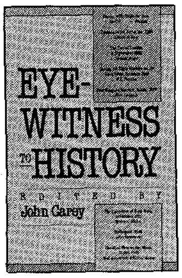
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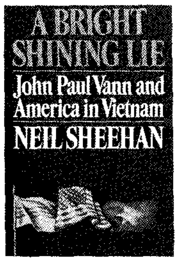
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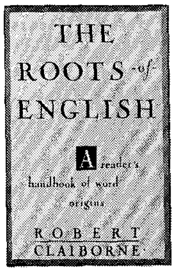
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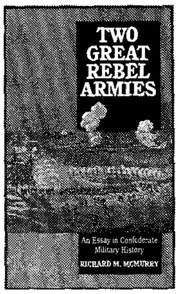
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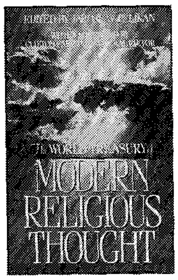
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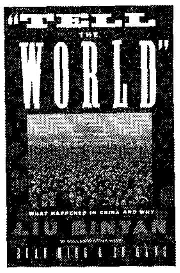
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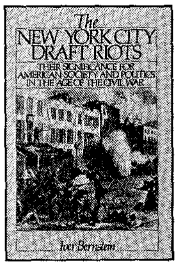
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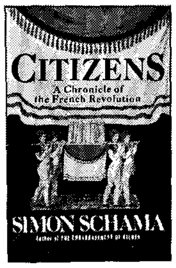
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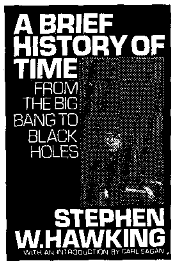
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fixed-wing aircraft. The result is a highly flexible aircraft with speed, range, and maneuverability. It can get into and out of a designated area quickly, and eliminates runway requirements. This versatile aircraft is being touted by some as the most revolutionary aviation development since the jet engine.

The Secretary of Defense acknowledges to Congress that the V-22 is a good technology that he would like to have. But, he adds, we cannot afford it. To my knowledge, no one has publicly opposed the program on anything other than budget grounds.

The Administration proposes an alternative to the V-22 using existing helicopters. This thirty-year-old technology would cost at least as much as, or more than, the V-22 over twenty years. The advantage is that the big bills do not come due until the end of the decade. We already have many of these old helicopters, and won't have to increase production significantly until then.

The Commandant of the Marine Corps has denounced the Administration's plan as "ridiculous" and "unworkable." We have specific requirements for a tiltrotor and know it has applications far beyond the Marines' amphibious-assault role. According to General James Lindsay, special-forces units cannot carry out many types of missions without the tiltrotor. The Navy will use the aircraft for search and rescue, and believes the aircraft can greatly enhance our anti-submarine warfare capabilities. Before it was on the cutting board, the Defense Department listed over thirty missions, among all the services, for the V-22.

This revolutionary aircraft will have benefits far beyond our national security. It offers great hope for relieving our congested air systems, and commercial air-delivery services are eyeing it to aid their business. More important, it is a highly sought commodity that foreigners are now pursuing. If we develop it, we will have the market and the ability to maintain our lead in the aerospace industry. If we do not, we have been warned that the foreigners will build it and sell it back to us.

No doubt, I will be accused of playing pork-barrel politics for defending the V-22 program. Boeing Helicopters, one of the contractors on the program, is in my congressional district. But I am leading the fight to save the V-22 because I believe it is a national asset that we cannot afford to give up. Its full potential is limited only by our imagination. That is why the House voted to restore the program last year by a 2 to 1 margin.

Curt Weldon
Member of Congress (R., Pa.)
Washington, D.C.

More on Drips

In the May 14 "Letters" column, Mr. Michael J. Burke interprets my assertion that the ability to explain Jackson Pollock's drip technique represents the litmus test of any biography of the artist as a demand that critics "provide systematic defenses" of an artist's work.

He confuses biography and criticism. Biography chronicles a life. Criticism judges the quality of the work that life spawned. The Pollock biographer must allow the reader to understand the drip technique and judge it himself, not "sell" him on it. Failure to do so is a failure of biography, not criticism.

Eric Gibson
Washington, D.C.

Literary Deception?

The letter-writer who signed himself "John K. Metcalfe, Factotum and Enforcer, SPELL" ["Notes & Asides," April 1], has besmirched the good name of this non-profit organization, something I hasten to correct.

First of all, the acronym does not stand for the organization to which he refers. Our name is Society for the Preservation of English Language and Literature—similar but distinctly different.

Second, our membership roll does not contain his name. It is possible he was a member some time back, but he most certainly is not one now.

Third, SPELL has no officer called an "enforcer" or a "factotum." I serve as both executive director and vice president; my son, a professor at Michigan State, is president; and we have two additional vice presidents. That is the total roster of officers.

If your office has the address of this pretender Metcalfe, I would appreciate having it so I might write to him and protest his unauthorized use of our corporation's name as well as his mistranslation of the acronym. Further, I promise him that SPELL, the *real* one, will seek redress for his actions.

I would most certainly not like to have SPELL get a reputation for captious and foolish actions.

William S. Penn Jr.
Vice President and Executive Director
SPELL
Mountain View, Calif.

"Drug Legalization Is Gaining Converts and Respectability."

—*NEWSWEEK*, Dec. 25, 1989

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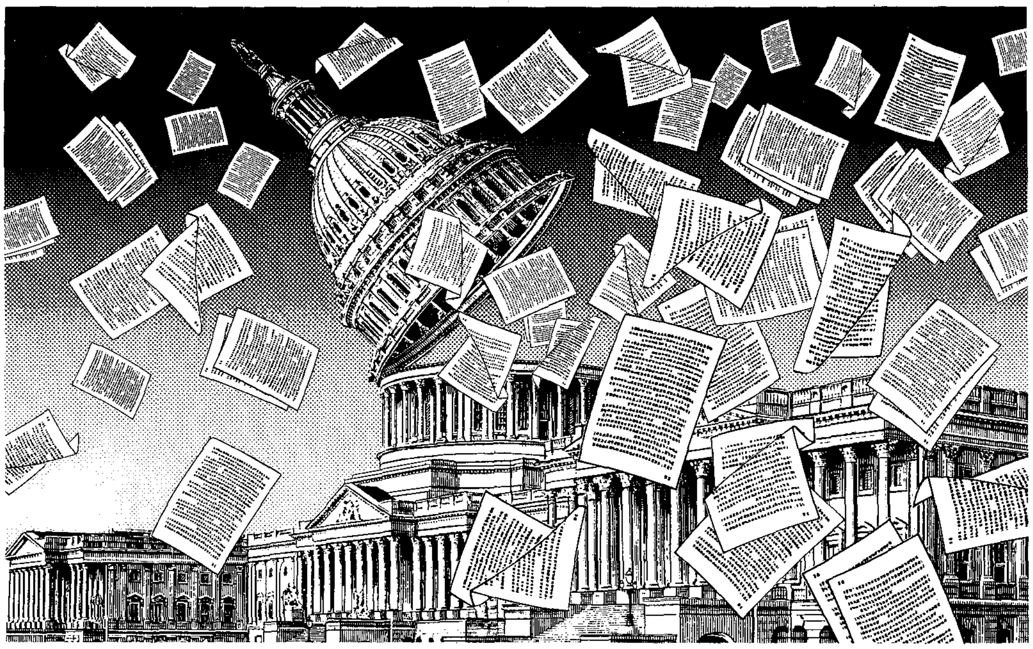

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No More Speeches.

It seems nearly every day the government releases another report on the state of the nation's schools. Or a politician makes another speech about what's wrong with American education.

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So please, no more reports, no more speeches. We need action.

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Invest in Education.

nea

National Education Association, 1201 16th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036

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FROM THE EDITOR

Perils of Success

■ "Nothing fails like success," said G. K. Chesterton, and unlike Wilde's inverted clichés ("her hair has turned quite gold with grief"), this epigram contains a good deal of truth. Success can fail in a number of ways. It can unite a coalition of the envious against itself. It can be the climax of some great enterprise which then starts to decline—for instance, Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, from which the British Empire never recovered. Or by wholly securing its objective, it can put itself out of a job. This last is widely thought to be the fate of anti-Communism, allegedly suffering from the mortal blow of its great opponent's suicide (during a lucid interval).

Were that so, it should have been evident at the Washington conference of the Committee for the Free World. The Committee was founded in 1981 to rouse the slumbering West against a Soviet imperialism then advancing in regions as far distant as Afghanistan, southern Africa, and Central America. Times have changed. Mrs. Chamorro was sworn in as President of Nicaragua two days before the conference, and the May Day march in Moscow jeered the Politburo two days after it. How could the Committee respond to the threat posed by such a victory?

It might, first, have announced that its purpose had been served and dissolve itself. Irving Kristol came close to suggesting that when he argued that with Communism gone, U.S. foreign policy should be the pursuit of the national interest shorn of wider moral preoccupations. Presumably the Committee, which addresses foreign policy in avowedly principled terms, would then be irrelevant.

Second, it might have maintained that little has really changed. Thus, Frank Gaffney of the Center for Security Policy argued that the Soviet Union is still a superpower, still armed to the teeth, still subsidizing anti-Western dictatorships, and so still a major threat. As an argument for caution, this passes muster. But does it not gloss over such factors as the economic collapse of the Soviet Union and its loss of Central Europe?

Both these views were, it seemed to me, minority opinions. It was the third option toward which most participants groped: namely, exploring the positive aspects of their anti-Communism. Anti-Communism, after all, is merely the negative aspect of such positive beliefs as individual liberty, democratic government, the market economy, and free trade. Most there agreed on these fundamentals, but differed on how they could be advanced in the coming post-Communist world.

Disagreements led to debates of great vigor on the future shape of Europe, how to deal with the multiple crises of the Soviet Union, the threats to Western culture, and the role of the United States. If I was present at the death of anti-Communism, the wake was a lively one and the corpse joined fully in the singing.

■ The standard criticism of Irving Kristol's *Realpolitik* above is that the American people lack the stomach for an interventionist foreign policy without moral justification. What is worse, however, so do American politicians.

Realpolitik thus becomes a cloak for policies conducted on other grounds. We give reasons of hard-headed national interest both for supporting popular rebellions against pro-American rulers, as in the Philippines (and Nicaragua in 1979), and for refusing to support popular rebellions against Communist rulers, as in Lithuania (and Nicaragua in 1989).

The real reasons? Some, like "supporting Mr. Gorbachev," are of strictly temporary application. But I can detect three underlying rules of State Department *Realpolitik*:

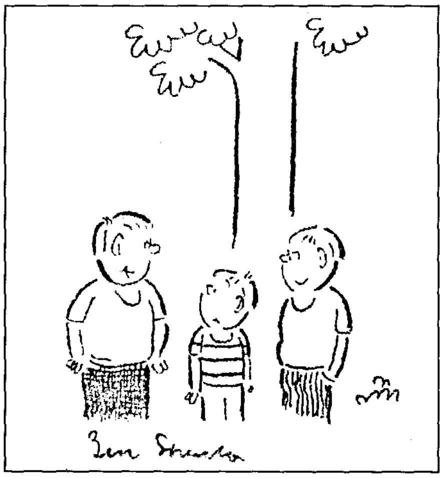
1. We cannot pursue our interests if they conflict with our principles.
2. We can pursue our principles only when they conflict with our interests.
3. Our principles and our interests never coincide. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

ON THE RECORD

■ Rumblings on the Right: On the Hill, conservatives are up in arms over certain **Bush** policies, among them, says Rep. **Vin Weber** (R., Minn.), "the level of response to Lithuania, the National Endowment for the Arts funding, the very overt invitation of gay activists to the White House [for signing of Hate Crimes bill]." . . . **Howard Phillips**, of Conservative Caucus, says: "More and more conservatives are talking about it [the Bush White House] as the **Nelson Rockefeller** Administration that never was." . . . **Newt Gingrich** believes White House is missing the boat on growing American criticism of permissiveness in many areas: abortion, drugs, pornography, cultural issues. . . . **Evans & Novak** see major moves by pollster **Robert Teeter** and 1988 GOP convention manager **Fred Malek** to nudge the President left on abortion issue. . . . Move by **Ann** and **Roger Stone** to set up a Republicans for Choice organization to change party's stance on abortion has stunned, and is splitting, conservative forces in the Beltway, given Stone's major role in **Ronald Reagan**'s 1980 campaign. . . . **Alan Guttmacher** Institute reports that 46 per cent of American women over 45 have had an abortion. . . . In massive late-April right-to-life rally in Washington, one poster said it all: "It's a Child, Not a Choice."

■ Nightmare in the making for Massachusetts Democrats. Conservative state House Minority Leader **Steven Pierce** is overwhelming favorite to win GOP gubernatorial nomination. Almost more spectacular, Boston U. President **John Silber**—a conservative Democrat—has outstripped **Dukakis** candidate Lt. Gov. **Evelyn Murphy** (24 to 19 per cent) in latest *Boston Herald* poll and trails front-runner **Frank Bellotti** by only 12 points. Silber's advertising blitz, coupled with blasts from *Boston Globe*, has galvanized conservatives. Silber is expected, at June 1–2 convention, to get the 15 per cent of delegate vote he needs to qualify for September primary. . . . Democrats gloomy over 1992. *New York Times* liberal columnist **Tom Wicker** warns GOP may capture Senate in 1992, winning two or three seats this year, the balance in '92, when 11 Democratic freshmen will be at bat. . . . Political consultant **Mark Siegel** predicts that if **Jesse Jackson** earns a place on 1992 ticket—which seems not impossible given new Democratic primary rules and dates—it could lead to an all-but-certain loss of Senate and a thirty-seat drop in House. . . . Democratic Senate Campaign Committee spokesman **Anita Dunn** points out Republicans have been able to recruit eight first-rate House members to run for Senate this year, and gives reason why: "[GOP congressmen] have no power in the House and no future. If they actually felt Republicans would regain control any time in their lifetime it would have been worth staying."

■ Talk in Washington is that Sen. **Sam Nunn**, Chairman of Armed Services Committee, will go for broke in 1992, but he's not expected to announce until after his re-election in November. . . . In Nebraska, Republican Senatorial Committee poll shows former Rep. **Hal Daub** trailing incumbent Democrat **James Exon** (bad name this year) by eight points, up from 15-point debit in December. . . . Democrats in South Carolina having trouble persuading Hilton Head businessman **Phil Lader** to take on venerable Sen. **Strom Thurmond**, 87. And with reason: Thurmond has 98 per cent name recognition, 87 per cent approval rating. . . . In the House, Rep. **Peter Smith** (R., Vt.)—Vermont's only Representative—got boost last week when **Dolores Sandoval**, a black professor at Univ. of Vermont, joined fray as Democrat. Smith's only opponent to that point was former Socialist Mayor **Bernie Sanders** of Burlington, who is running as independent. If Miss Sandoval gets on the ballot, the liberal Democratic vote will be split.



"Want to play Unions and Militants?"

© Shailo, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

■ A survey of leading papers in Europe—left, center, and right—indicates their desire for a continued American military and political role in Europe. Says France's leftist *Le Monde*: "NATO is the cement that binds the United States and Europe." . . . A poll in Britain, France, West Germany, and the Netherlands shows most of them want U.S. toops to be stationed in Europe for foreseeable future. In Great Britain 71 per cent favor continued U.S. military presence; in Germany and Holland, it was 62 per cent; in France, 52 per cent. . . . Major problem: Since East Germany now pays the USSR $471 million a year toward support of 380,000-man Soviet garrison in East Germany, who will pick up the tab after reunification? NATO?

■ It's all in the viewpoint. *Washington Post*, May 7, 1990, in its Kent State anniversary story: " 'Don't make the mistake of not daring to change the world you inherit,' **Bernardine Dohrn**, a former leader of the radical Weather Underground, told a cheering, whistling crowd." . . . **Peter Collier** and **David Horowitz**, in *Destructive Generation*, on the same Bernardine Dohrn at a less kind, less gentle time: "She then began to talk about convicted killer **Charlie Manson** and those she called the '[**Sharon**] **Tate** Eight': 'Dig it. First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild.' She held up three fingers in a Manson 'fork salute.' "

THE WEEK

■ Dear Mr. President: Try to think of Lithuania as a hostage.

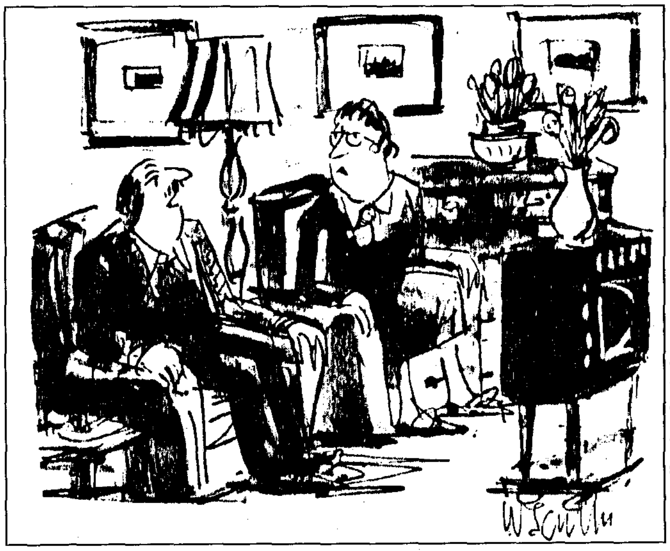
■ Translations from the *New York Times*: The headline "Some Progress Is Made on Budget Talks" set off alarm bells. Sure enough, "progress" means that President Bush is willing to consider NEW TAXES. If so, he should pull back. The economic gains from cutting taxes (and the economic penalties of raising them) are established beyond reasonable doubt by Lawrence Lindsey in his new book (see editorial, p. 13). But there is an authority and an argument that the Bush White House, with its love of opinion polls, should find still more persuasive. Writing in the January *Atlantic*, AEI's William Schneider, whose sympathies are Democratic but whose analysis is impartial, points out: "Ever since the Great Inflation and the tax revolt of the late 1970s, Republicans have used anti-tax sentiment to control the political agenda." It has enabled them to win three presidential elections—and that ain't broccoli. Mr. Bush is risking the main prop of his popularity. After Lithuania and the Mapplethorpe subsidies, how many more friends can he afford to lose?

■ The House Ethics Committee, which by the way is sick and tired of hearing people make fun of its name, is deadlocked between Republicans who feel that Barney Frank lowered House standards by consorting with a male prostitute and Democrats who feel just as strongly that he didn't. The plot thickens with the testimony of a *fe*male prostitute who says Frank knowingly let her ply her trade from his apartment, though she doesn't accuse Frank of requiring her services himself. Some Republicans, led by California's William Dannemeyer, want to expel Frank. Our own view is that the House should censure him, and that he ought to have the grace to resign. So far, though, he is running for re-election. And Massachusetts being Massachusetts, he'll probably win. That won't end the problem for the Democrats; Frank, by hanging on with their support, will become the latest Willie Horton.

■ Lyndon Johnson wasn't *all* bad, was the consensus of a recent three-day symposium in Austin, Texas. Not the most impartial judgment, perhaps: the event was held at the Lyndon B. Johnson Library and Museum, and featured a solid lineup of LBJ cronies. The name of biographer Robert Caro, when mentioned at all, was execrated. Sargent Shriver conceded that Johnson was not Jesus Christ, but then who is?, and anyway Johnson created "ten national programs, all still in existence." (This was meant as a defense.) There was a discreet reference to LBJ's "alleged" theft of the 1948 senatorial election. "Mean and ugly?" Bill Moyers asked rhetorically. "I don't think so." (We do.) Jack Valenti was also there, and Joe Califano, and John Gardner, and John Kenneth Galbraith. There were no arrests.

■ What do Mikhail Gorbachev and Education Secretary Lauro Cavazos have in common? Peter Brimelow counts the ways in a recent *Forbes* article. American public education, like the Soviet economy, exhibits the classic symptoms of advanced socialism. Output, as measured by SAT scores, has declined since the early 1960s even as real spending per student has doubled. Popular panaceas such as reduced class size and more stringent teacher credentials have succeeded only in raising costs. An increasing share of the education work force is composed of non-teachers, including clerical, janitorial, and central-office personnel. Both systems have deteriorated to the point where further tinkering is pointless. Only a radical restructuring—expanding the choice available to Russian consumers on the one hand, and American parents on the other—can salvage the situations. In both cases, however, a *nomenklatura* stands in the way.

■ Pamyat, the far-right Russian bully boys whose black shirts and icons make such good photo ops, advertised May 5, the feast day of St. George, Russia's patron saint, as a day of pogroms. The day came, but not the pogroms—which suggests, as we have long



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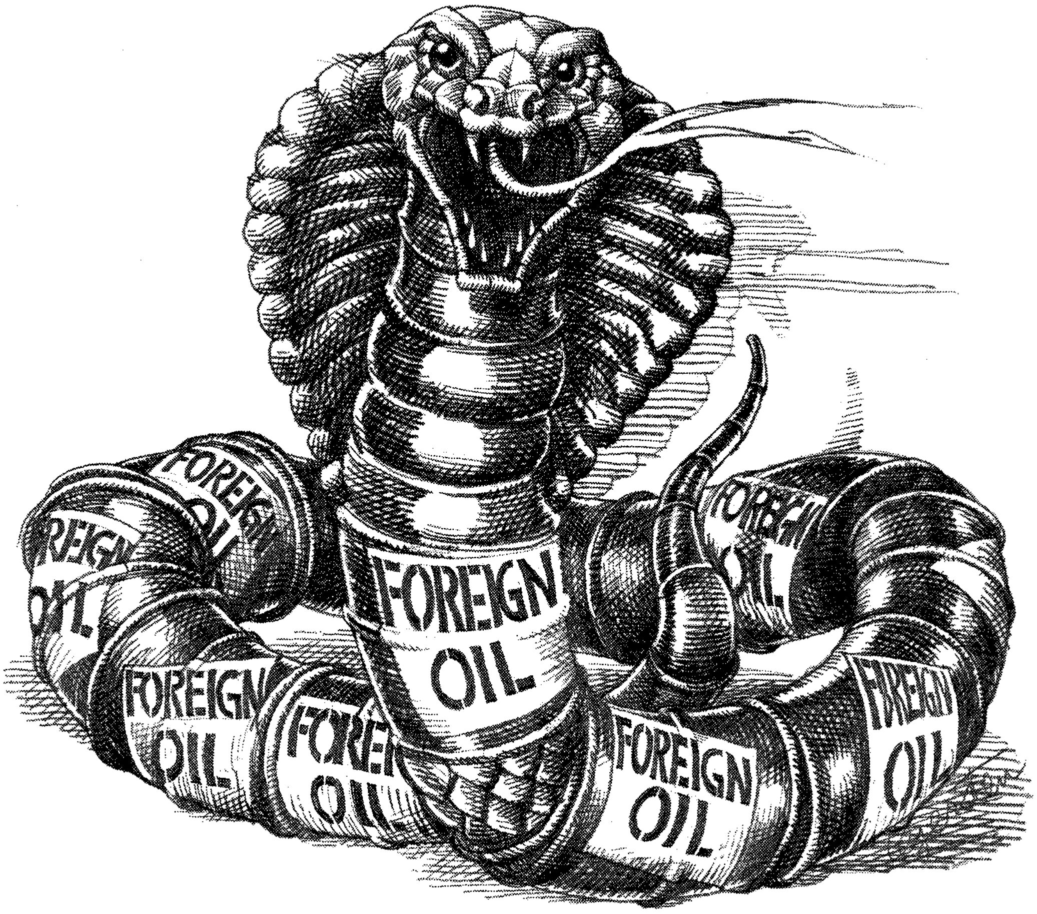
"You're right, dear—it's in very bad taste and offensive, and I'm going to switch it off in disgust very shortly."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THE KISS OF DEATH?

We now import more than 40 percent of all the oil we use, and that percentage continues to grow. This excessive dependence on foreign oil could poison America's economy and our national security if our supply were ever disrupted.

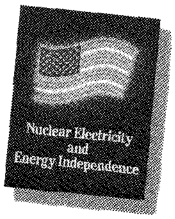
But the more we use nuclear energy, instead of imported oil, to generate our electricity, the less we have to depend on uncertain foreign oil supplies.

America's 112 nuclear electric plants already have cut foreign oil dependence by 4 billion barrels since the oil embargo of 1973, saving us $115 billion in foreign oil payments.

But 112 nuclear plants will not be enough to meet our rapidly growing demand for electricity. We need more plants.

Importing so much oil is a danger America must avoid. We need to rely more on energy sources we can count on, like nuclear energy.

For a free booklet on nuclear energy, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66080, Dept. SK18, Washington, D.C. 20035.


Nuclear Electricity
and
Energy Independence

U.S. COUNCIL FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

Nuclear energy means more energy independence.

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suspected, that Pamyat holds its meetings in a phone booth, and that half the people in attendance are Western reporters. Given the last days of Brezhnev—and the last days of Stalin, and of czardom—Soviet Jews and their well-wishers have excellent reason to beware the recrudescence of anti-Semitism. But the lack of popular support for the so-called "Russian New Right" suggests it can deliver only rhetoric. Indeed, when the files of the KGB are finally opened for inspection, it may turn out that rhetoric was all Pamyat was ever intended to deliver: provocationist poison designed to spook the West about life after Gorbachev.

■ Lithuania has accepted the Franco-German suggestion that it rescind some of the laws enacted since its declaration of independence in order to reopen direct negotiations with Gorbachev. "Everything is negotiable," said President Landsbergis, "that does not question the matter of restored independence of the Lithuanian state." Soviet officials say the Mitterrand–Kohl proposal is "not far" from their own position. But nothing concrete has happened. No date has been set for talks. Lithuania's negotiators continue to cool their heels in Moscow, while its factories shut down one by one for lack of oil and gas. But if Gorbachev thought his cat-and-mouse tactics would put an end to the independence movement in the Baltics he was wrong. A week ago, Latvia's parliament followed those of the other Baltic republics by voting for independence, although it framed its declaration more diplomatically. Meanwhile the Administration catches flak from all sides for its tilt toward Moscow. "The Administration's verbal gymnastics," says onetime State Department spokesman John Hughes, now a *Christian Science Monitor* columnist, "attempt to explain why we should condone intolerable behavior by Mr. Gorbachev in Lithuania in order that he may survive to be more agreeable elsewhere."

■ Okay, we're not suspicious by nature. So we'll accept the Administration's assurances that no one meant to offend or inconvenience Mrs. Kazimiera Prunskiene, Free Lithuania's prime minister, by keeping her waiting ten minutes at the White House gate and making her get out of her limousine, submit to a metal detector, show her Soviet passport, and finally trudge up the White House drive for a meeting with President Bush. We preferred the story from President Reagan's time about how the Soviet ambassador was forbidden the use of a private elevator when visiting the Secretary of State. But in these days of friendship it's our friends who aren't welcome.

■ Michael Manley, prime minister of Jamaica again, has turned over a new leaf. A Castro-loving Yanqui-baiter when he was turned out of office in 1980, he paid a friendly call at the White House the other day—this time as a fervent advocate of the free market and the private sector. The only Communist states he has good words for now are the ones that have de-Communized: "It was just a matter of time before these highly bureaucratic and centralized states yielded to more democratic processes," he says. "I cannot claim to be surprised." That's more than Manley-watchers can say.

■ The reporters and cameras have all moved on, the last of many profiles of the "maverick priest" and his "Imani Temple" has been written, and now Father George Augustus Stallings is making his pleas not at the altar but in his attorney's office. That last profile, a huge chronicling of his every move by the *Washington Post,* was not at all what he foresaw a year ago when the excitement first began. It turns out that in addition to his struggle against the white racist Church and white racist media, Stallings is also in rebellion against white racist bookkeeping practices. The largely black parishioners of Washington's St. Teresa's (by no means the city's wealthiest folk) had to stump up more than $100,000 to replace vanished funds needed just to cover tax assessments on their church—this after some white racists inquired about that impressive antique collection on display over at Augustus Manor, Stallings's house. The other goings-on at the manor are best forgotten except as they lead us to question how a man so obviously troubled could ever have been treated as a bold reformer and moral hero by the media, including for a long while the *Post* itself.

■ An Alabama obscenity law has put a New York porn company out of business. The sovereign state of Alabama has brought charges against the Home Dish Satellite Corporation for transmitting blue movies to fifty residents of Montgomery County. Charges were also brought against several major companies involved in the transmission, which companies have therefore cut off their dealings with Home Dish, driving Home Dish into bankruptcy. The ACLU is as mad as a wet hen, accusing Alabama of shredding the Bill of Rights for all Americans. Reckon it depends whether you figure the Tenth Amendment is part of the Bill of Rights.

■ A Wisconsin woman is being prosecuted for adultery under an old law, at the behest of her estranged husband. Hubby has admittedly committed adultery too, but, being a law-abiding gent, he did it in a state where it's not a crime. The moral is, as we always say, know your Tenth Amendment rights.

■ The *Washington Post* last year gave spacious coverage, including advance promotion, to the pro-abortion march in the capital. It made the event its lead story on the front page, and again in its Style section. This year, on April 26, at least 200,000 people (UPI put the figure at more than a half-million) gathered in Washington to *protest* abortion. No breathless previews in the *Post*. No front-page attention. Nothing in the Style section. Instead, the *Post* stuck a perfunctory account of the rally in its Metro section, and that was it. The bias was so blatant that even the *Post*'s ombudsman, Richard Harwood, called it an "embarrassing performance" and "shabby work." He agreed with the *Post*'s managing editor, Leonard Downie, on the core problem. "Journalists here, [Downie] thinks, not only are not part of the anti-abortion movement but don't know anyone who is. The movement is seen as one of those 'fundamentalist,' 'fringe' things somewhere out there in Middle America or Dixie. Those are not the circles in which we travel or from which we draw intellectual nourishment." We couldn't have put it better—or more damningly. All that remains to be added is that the media, in their coverage of pro-abortion rallies, fail to report on their own support as a factor in swelling the turnout. The *New York Times* coverage of the pro-life rally was, by contrast, exemplary.

■ The Soviet Union is offering $25,000 for the best suggestion on how to convert the ruble into real money. The contest is being held in the U.S. and the prize is in dollars, which pass for real money among those who don't know any better.

■ Amidst all the foofaraw about Michael Milken's guilty plea as a symbol of the End of the Eighties, another seminal event has been neglected: "Dr." Hunter Thompson has been busted for drug possession. Is it possible that, at long last, the End of the Sixties is at hand?

The Great Experiment

WHAT *The Wealth of Nations* is to the theory of free markets and *The General Theory* to fiscal policy, the curve on Arthur Laffer's napkin has until now been to supply-side economics. Now along comes a book to underpin Mr. Laffer's brilliant hypothesis with academic rigor.

In the preface to *The Growth Experiment*, Harvard Professor Lawrence B. Lindsey admits that he originally was skeptical of supply-side claims. But by using a computer to analyze actual tax returns of 34,000 taxpayers, he has moved the controversy from the realm of ideology to the realm of science. The real world, he announces, does not align itself perfectly with any ideology. The 1981 tax cut did not "pay for itself" as the true believers claimed it would: the government collected $33 billion less in 1985 than it would have done under pre-Reagan tax rates. (In fairness to the brethren, the original Kemp–Roth proposal envisioned an immediate 33 per cent tax cut, not the 23 per cent, phased-in, loophole-riddled measure passed by Congress in 1981.) But juxtaposed to this is the $114-billion loss he calculates we would have suffered had it not been for the economic growth spurred by those lower rates. Lindsey's bottom line is that for only $33 billion we bought ourselves, in effect, a government program that increased employment, lowered inflation, lowered tax evasion, and increased economic growth 2 to 3 per cent.

And redistributed the tax burden toward the rich. People earning $200,000 and above paid considerably more than they would have under pre-1981 tax rates, while middle- and lower-income groups paid less. Not that people with higher incomes were necessarily making more money or working harder. But Lindsey found they were more likely to take compensation in the form of taxable income, rather than perks such as meals and company cars. The economy was weaned away from some tax-bred distortions, the U.S. Treasury a direct beneficiary.

Mr. Lindsey finds that this healthy change in behavior has been under way for three decades. In 1960, when the top rate was 91 per cent, the wealthiest 2 per cent of the population received 48 per cent of all interest and dividends but only 8.7 per cent of wage income. By 1985, with a 50 per cent top rate, the share of interest and dividends accruing to this group was cut in half, while the share of earned income rose 28 per cent. The message? As tax rates come down, the wealthy are likelier to increase their income by earning it.

That's undeniably progress. But today, nine years into the growth experiment, economic growth is too slow, and inflation too high. Professor Lindsey's point is that the Reagan-era tax incentives have run their course. He proposes a new tax code built around a flat 19 per cent tax rate for both individuals and corporations. Individuals earning less than

Mr. Bush's Darling

With arms wrapped in a bear's embrace
While legs entwine below,
He clings to Mr. Gorbachev
As morning glories grow;
But both the counter-clockwise types
And clockwise climbers find
Some trellises aren't suitable
For vines of any kind.

W. H. VON DREELE

$6,000 and couples earning less than $12,000 would pay no tax. A $5,000 exemption would be allowed for each child under age three; $3,000 for dependent children over three. Tenants would be permitted a rent deduction just as homeowners deduct mortgage interest. Businesses would deduct the full cost of plant and equipment during the year of purchase.

Now the unpleasant news. Deductibility of mortgage interest would be limited to $10,000 (now $1 million). All employee fringe benefits, including health-insurance costs, would be included in taxable income. State and local taxes would be deductible only to the extent that they exceeded 6 per cent of a taxpayer's income, thereby limiting this deduction to the neediest taxpayers. Business would be taxed on cash flow rather than profits.

Total revenues would be about the same as now, but economic incentives would skyrocket. Surely a

RIGHT DATA

A Lively Corpse

REPORTS OF a "collapse" in the junk-bond market are highly exaggerated. First Boston reports that during the first three months of 1990 the high-yield market grew by $4.2 billion, to $230.4 billion. This is far below the growth of recent years, but about in line with what's happening to total credit-market debt, which is currently growing at the slowest pace in twenty years. Junk bonds now account for about 22 per cent of all corporate bonds outstanding; in 1985 they accounted for 14 per cent; in 1979, 4 per cent. Junk-bond prices have tumbled sharply over the past few months, what with the demise of Campeau and Drexel Burnham. But all security prices have suffered during this year's credit crunch. And because of the higher interest rates on junk bonds, their first-quarter return of –2.6 per cent (based on First Boston's index of 349 issues) exceeded the return on ten-year Treasuries (–2.8 per cent) and the S&P 500 (–3.0 per cent). Yet no one speaks of a "collapse" of Treasury bonds or the stock market. The first-quarter standings are not anomalous. Over the past ten years junk bonds have produced a 13.0 per cent average annual rate of return, outperforming high-grade corporate bonds, U.S. Government bonds, and common stocks, while showing far less variability of return from year to year. In forcing S&Ls to sell off their junk-bond holdings Congress eliminated one of the few profitable investments the thrifts made.

Of course, the U.S. Government never defaults on its bonds. Junk-bond issuers do, to the tune of $8.1 billion in 1989. While many in the media interpreted this dismal performance as evidence of Drexel Burnham's weakened ability to prop up failing companies, junk-bond defaults are nothing new. In 1987 $9.1 billion of them went belly up, and the default rate—defaults as a percentage of total junk bonds outstanding—have exceeded 1989's 4 per cent level three times since 1970. Still, 1989 shook investors' confidence. Many are asking: "If junk-bond defaults are up now, what's going to happen when we're in a recession?" But corporate profits—from which interest payments are made—were at recession levels in 1989, slipping 13 per cent from 1988.

In any case, the inherent riskiness of these investments is well known to investors. The risk posed by a 4 per cent default rate is more than compensated for by junk-bond interest rates, which currently exceed those offered on U.S. Treasury bonds by more than eight percentage points. And defaulted bonds are not exactly worthless: senior obligations of the Campeau corporation trade at more than fifty cents on the dollar.

If junk bonds are a good long-term deal for investors, what about for corporations? The traditional view is that higher interest payments siphon off corporate cash which would otherwise have gone for R&D, new-product development, and other research yielding long-term results. But this paradigm is based on a fanciful notion of what corporations actually do with their spare cash. Harvard economist Michael Jensen argues that a heavy load of debt is good, precisely because it leaves managers little slack. Spare cash is often frittered away on perks, managerial salaries, and investments aimed at increasing sales (on which managers' salaries are based) rather than profits. A financial structure that keeps companies on the edge of default forces managers to focus on efficiency and profits. Financial markets seem to agree with his analysis, as evidenced by the sharp subsequent increase in share prices of companies taken over in LBOs.

More than two thousand companies have issued junk bonds. Thirty-three of them defaulted last year. For every Campeau and Resorts there are hundreds of successful, growing concerns like Compaq Computers, Calvin Klein Industries, Safeway Stores, and Computerland, that still do not have the financial strength to be classified investment grade and so must issue high-yield bonds. These companies and their bonds are anything but junk.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

better Republican prospect than the tired compromise now being negotiated between President Bush and the congressional leaderships.

Earth Days in Retrospect

TWENTY YEARS ago, at the time of Earth Day I, a diverse group of writers including Paul Ehrlich and Barry Commoner penned environmental manifestos arguing that Western Civilization was destroying the Earth. Ecological catastrophe, they said, lay on the near horizon unless man stopped his population growth, economic growth, and technological progress. They made many doomsday predictions and suggested many possible solutions.

Well, we tried some of their policies during the oil crises of the 1970s. Rather than freeing energy prices to encourage exploration, production, and genuine market-driven conservation, we turned to regulation and controls, Carter's temperature police, and massive subsidies for alternative energy sources, and tried to seal up every home, school, and business in the nation as tight as a drum. Aside from a few solar water-heaters on hot tubs in the sybaritic suburbs of San Francisco, the result was tens of billions of dollars wasted on quixotic technologies that have since been abandoned. Another legacy was California mountain passes filled with vast arrays of giant "soft-path" wind turbines, still revolving at a loss, being criticized as "visual pollution," and annually making mincemeat of thousands of migrating birds of prey, including endangered eagles.

But what of the Green Movement's biggest theme, energy conservation in place of energy production? The energy-conservation program driven by subsidies, tax credits, and hectoring became a nightmare. Tightly sealed homes and schools became gigantic pumps for radon gas. The Environmental Protection Agency now estimates that radon is killing ten to twenty thousand Americans each year by producing lung cancer. This is not capitalism killing us for profits, but Gaia, the Good Green Earth, with the assistance of the small-is-beautiful environmentalists.

Ehrlich now argues that his predictions of mass starvation, of the world's oceans being totally dead by 1980, etc., weren't really wrong, because they weren't really predictions. They were simply scenarios—little vignettes about things that *could* happen if we continued to reject his advice. Commoner's publisher, however, tells us not only that he warned us what would happen, but that he was right.

Ehrlich, who was in Washington to help run Earth Day XX, now admits that the planet was really in great shape on Earth Day I, but says that *now* humanity is close to the edge. He praised China's draconian population-control program and criticized the "idiot Right" for overreacting to China's excesses of forced abortion and female infanticide. He stressed that the birth of an American baby was twenty to one hundred times more a disaster to the world than the birth of a baby in a poor country, and concluded that the current U.S. population contains at least "120 million more people than any sensible analyst has ever thought of a reason for having at one time." You could be next, Bubba.

And in a world where Communism has totally and completely collapsed, exposed as a system that produced environmental degradation so staggering as almost to lie in the realm of science fiction—the shining path offered by the environmental leadership is . . . socialism.

The review of Commoner's latest book in the *New York Times Book Review* noted that Commoner called for sacrificing corporate profits for the common good. "Dare the word 'socialism' be mentioned?" the reviewer concluded.

Well, it sure got mentioned at the gala Earth Day celebration in Washington, D.C. Earth Day entrepreneur Denis Hayes told the assembled thousands, "We hear the cry of the Earth, and we have come to heal her." But what most of us heard was singer Billy Bragg, leading the crowd in a rousing rendition of the "*Internationale*"—the Communist anthem—and then saying, "It's been a while since that was sung on the steps of the Capitol." It was speakers praising Mikhail Gorbachev as the savior, because he is creating a Green Cross to heal Mother Earth. And of course there were the constant calls for the abolition of capitalism.

Happy birthday, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin! Happy birthday, Mother Earth!

Not Any Old Iron

MRS. THATCHER emerged from the British local elections, billed in advance as a disaster that would persuade the Tories to throw her overboard, in robust shape. The Tories lost two hundred seats nationally, compared to fore-

And Latvia Makes Three

Mr. Bush drew a line in the sand;
Lithuanians thought it was grand,
  But it worked like the spine
  Of the Maginot Line
Though the stick is okay for a band.

W. H. VON DREELE

casts as high as seven hundred, and actually gained ground in London and Scotland. The next day, reversing the usual pattern of the Right winning the election and the Left winning the interpretation, she enjoyed favorable headlines ("Kinnock Poll-Axed" yelled the *Sun*, to record what was in fact a large Labor victory). For the moment, the panic that had seized Tory backbenchers has been halted, and any leadership challenge will have to be postponed.

But troubles lie immediately ahead. Inflation is forecast to rise further before it begins to fall. The poll tax remains unpopular. And Labor is still far ahead in national support by any calculation.

Now that Mrs. Thatcher has won a breathing space, however, the long-term Tory prospect looks more attractive. Three-party politics, which helped her win two general elections by splitting the opposition, revived in the local elections, with the Social Liberals winning almost 20 per cent of the national vote. The results also suggest that once the poll tax is clearly in place, people either accept it grudgingly (Scotland) or even feel gratitude for a poll tax lower than the old property tax (London). Finally, probable German inflation following reunification of the Mark will allow Mrs. Thatcher to cut interest rates (and so the price of mortgages) by July 1992, when the next election must be called. In other words the opera's not over till the Iron Lady sings.

Mandela at Center Stage

NELSON MANDELA is the focus of most foreign reporting on South Africa, partly because of the near mythic status he achieved during his long prison term but also because he is the most unpredictable—and in that sense the most newsworthy—player on the field. F. W. de Klerk has moved much faster than anyone would have guessed a year ago; Mangosuthu Buthelezi can be counted on to say interesting things in regard to specific events—but both men are pretty much known quantities. It is Mandela about whom the questions arise, and underlying all the others is: Does he lead the ANC, or is he frantically trying to keep up with his followers?

The events of the past week follow the same pattern as other sequences in the three months since his release. On Wednesday, at a ceremony preceding his meeting with de Klerk, he delivered part of his message in Afrikaans, to reassure Afrikaners of his good intentions. On Sunday he was touring with Joe Slovo, head of the South African Communist Party, and saying that the ANC's demand for one man, one vote in a unitary state was non-negotiable, and that any talk of protecting "minority rights" meant perpetuating apartheid. This parallels the incident a month ago in which Mandela had arranged to appear publicly with Buthelezi in Natal, so that the two men could call together for an end to the internecine fighting between their respective groups of followers. Three days before the scheduled appearance, the ANC "interim leadership core" persuaded Mandela not to appear with Buthelezi, whom they continue to vilify as a collaborator with the "apartheid regime." (Mandela had earlier described himself as a "loyal and disciplined member of the ANC.")

Some points to watch for in coming months are: How adept will de Klerk be at keeping communications open with Mandela, while not freezing out South Africa's other ethnic and tribal groups? Will the ANC leadership renounce armed violence, and how will its younger members and associates (such as the United Democratic Front, which is fighting in Natal) react if it does? Will Mandela agree to consider some form of minority rights (which would apply not only to whites but also to Asians, coloreds, and blacks of tribes other than whichever one might win an electoral plurality); or, if he doesn't, will he gradually be edged out of the limelight by black leaders who do?

Is Everything on Schedule?

Republicans prefer their slumps
Up front so everybody dumps
On downturns early in a term,
Thereby, as with the turning worm,
Displaying sunny sides just when
The President cranks up again.

W. H. VON DREELE

Abusing Common Sense

THE MOST unpopular crime in America is probably child abuse, and with good reason. But how common is it? Dorothy Rabinowitz, writing in the May issue of *Harper's*, concludes: a lot less common than we've been led to think.

The focus of Miss Rabinowitz's piece is the case of Kelly Michaels, who is serving 47 years in a New Jersey jail on 115 counts of sexual abuse that supposedly occurred at a day-care center where Miss Michaels worked for seven months. During that time, according to the prosecution, she raped and assaulted twenty children with knives, forks, and blocks, and made them eat her excrement—*on a daily basis*, with no adult noticing.

The way the case against Miss Michaels was built was typical. There was an initial accusation—in this instance, highly ambiguous—whereupon specialists in child abuse descended on the scene, armed with "anatomically correct" dolls (actually, rag dolls with grossly emphatic genitals). After they had grilled the kids with a combination of leading questions and bullying, and told frantic parents that the symptoms of abuse include nightmares and bed-wetting, a scenario of fantastic complexity was concocted, and presented in court. Only child psychologists retained by the prosecution were allowed to question young witnesses. The prosecutor's summation compared Miss Michaels to Hitler. The jury threw the book at her.

The same routine has been played out in Memphis, Chicago, Washington State, and, most sensationally, Los Angeles, in the trial of Ray and Peggy McMartin Buckey. They were acquitted on most counts, but the jury failed to reach a verdict on several counts against Mr. Buckey. Having already spent four years in prison, he is now on trial a second time. Given the record in such cases, it is not impossible that the prosecutors will finally succeed in browbeating a jury into convicting him.

The child-abuse hysteria seems to have three sources. The first is the dogma, common among the "helping" professions, that America is as weird as *Twin Peaks*, with crazed victims of sexual repression lurking around every corner.

A related dogma asserts, quite falsely, that "children never lie" when making accusations of sexual abuse. The same experts who coined this law also claim, however, that children do lie when they are denying such abuse. To add the keystone to this structure of paranoia, they argue that an adult's denial of accusations of abuse is in fact evidence that it occurred.

The third source of hysteria is the Federal Government, which gave us, in 1979, the Federal Child Abuse Act. "Funds begat staffs," writes Miss Rabinowitz, "which grew, as did their zeal."

The monstrosity of such a crime as child abuse makes it proper that society should go to any legitimate lengths to punish its perpetrators. We're plainly doing more—and worse. A fair trial was good enough for Charles Manson. Why not for Kelly Michaels and Raymond Buckey?

The Ladies of Mills

THE TRUSTEES of Mills College, a California school for women, which has been suffering from declining enrollment, have voted to open the class of '95 to men, and the students don't like it—not because they regret the passing of a 138-year-old tradition, but because they resent the violation of the very modern rules of the feminist game.

It seems that whenever male students appear on a campus, "women feel cowed," as a Mills sociology professor (a man, as it happens) put it. Amy Hutto, a freshman, shaved and painted her head, tore off her shirt at a demonstration, and shouted, "Mills College does not exist," which doesn't sound very cow-able to us. Other young ladies blocked offices with sit-ins and rousted the president out of bed with blaring horns.

Two aspects of this little outburst of Sixtiesism stand out. One is the shift, in the terminal stages of any minority-group agitation, from inclusion to segregation. Just as feminist literary critics want to see Jane Austen and Sappho, not grouped with the giants of literature, where they manifestly belong, but stuck in a ghetto with Erica Jong and themselves, so the Mills students want not to join the real world, but to stay in a cossetted feminist cocoon.

The other is the fetish of self-esteem. We hear a lot of talk about people's feelings, not enough about their responsibility to buckle down and work hard, whatever they feel. Every immigrant, every member of the lower class, gets slighted on the way up. That's part of the definition of being down. But millions make their way nevertheless. Demands for self-esteem come close to suggesting that it's better to feel good about yourself than to do well. That's a bad lesson for Mills, or any college, to be teaching.

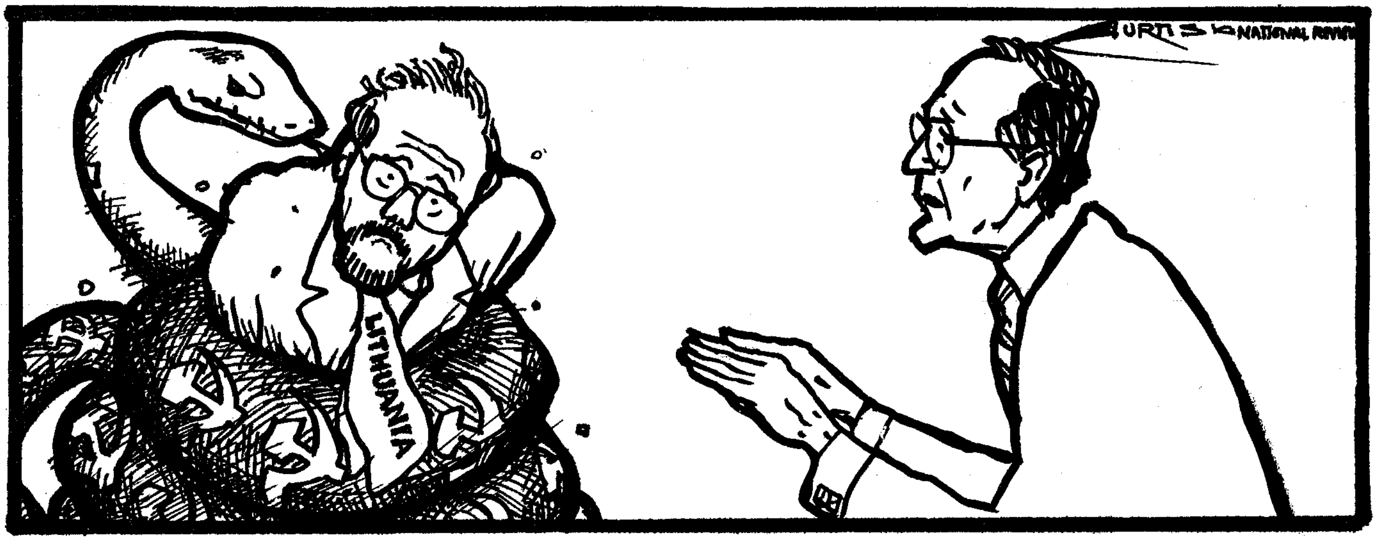
James P. O'Donnell, R I P

NEITHER the *New York Times* nor the *Washington Post* took notice of the death of James P. O'Donnell on April 16. Yet for over thirty years O'Donnell was an award-winning foreign correspondent for *Newsweek*, the *Reader's Digest*, the old *Saturday Evening Post*, et al. He lugged his beat-up Olivetti all over Western Europe and the Middle East, interviewing everybody from Konrad Adenauer to the Shah of Iran to Charlie Chaplin and being bamboozled by none of them.

However, O'Donnell was a convinced, militant anti-Communist with little tolerance for the left-wing bias of the media, so it is perhaps not surprising that they forgot him. He was happy to spend long evenings discussing poetry or politics or the Red Sox; he liked all kinds of people but he never wavered in his Catholic faith or in his scorn for the cliché-ridden thinking of so many of his colleagues.

The survival of Berlin was his own personal cause. As an army major he was among the first soldiers to enter the city in 1945, and as soon as he was demobilized he returned as a *Newsweek* stringer (later bureau chief) to describe its ruins, its starving children, and later the brash, gutsy American pilots who forced Stalin to say uncle. And later still, the Wall.

In August 1961, he was working in the White



"We mustn't anger him."

House as an assistant to his old friend and Harvard classmate, John F. Kennedy. When Kennedy dispatched General Lucius D. Clay, architect of the airlift, back to Berlin to improve morale, O'Donnell went along, and came up with the phrase with which Kennedy, in a belated personal appearance at the Wall, wowed 'em: *"Ich bin ein Berliner."*

Early this January, O'Donnell sent me a copy of an article on the Wall he had written for the April 1980 *Reader's Digest*. Here are his closing words: "Not long ago I had a dream. The year was 1989. The Wall was coming down. All along its hideous 165 kilometers, East and West Berliners were pouring out to dismantle it . . . Canny merchants were weaving through the crowd selling souvenir bricks. . . ." Few of us live to see our dreams come true. I'm glad Jim O'Donnell did. —RUTH BERENSON

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Congratulations! You are the first-place winner in the Best Magazine Article on Foreign Travel category of the 1989 Lowell Thomas Travel Journalism Competition. There are 717 entries from 175 individuals and publications, which must make you feel very good. Competition was keen! Public release date for this information is April 30. We will be sending you information on the competition, the other winners, and judges' comments on your winning entry soon. Presentation of checks and plaques for first-place winners and citations for runners-up will be made at a press luncheon . . . in Toronto, Tuesday, May 15 . . .

Sincerely,
Les Barnes
President
Society of American Travel Writers Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Barnes: Many thanks. I am especially delighted that the articles in question, on my Concorde trip around the world, appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW, May 19 and June 2, 1989. Yours cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On a recent episode of *Firing Line* your guest, Malcolm Forbes, used the expression "a clean slate." You immediately interjected, as if to clarify, "a *tabula rasa*."

Was it boorish of Mr. Forbes to use English when Latin would suffice, or is your audience so erudite that the straightforward phrase might perplex it?

We won't entertain the possibility that you were showing off.

Your loyal fan whatever the case may be.

Paul Kirchner
Hamden, Conn.

Dear Mr. Kirchner: Not *quite* fair. The *tabula rasa* of John Locke recalls a stage in the development of epistemology which was a philosophical milestone, intending to communicate more merely than the clean slate you get after serving your six months in prison. It was what Mr. Forbes had in mind, I thought. It would have been snobbish, don't you think, to fail to say so? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Atheism is the disbelief in the existence of deity, a doctrine that there is no deity. Religion, as I think most would infer, manifests a faithful devotion to an acknowledged ultimate reality or deity. So, what seems to be the problem?

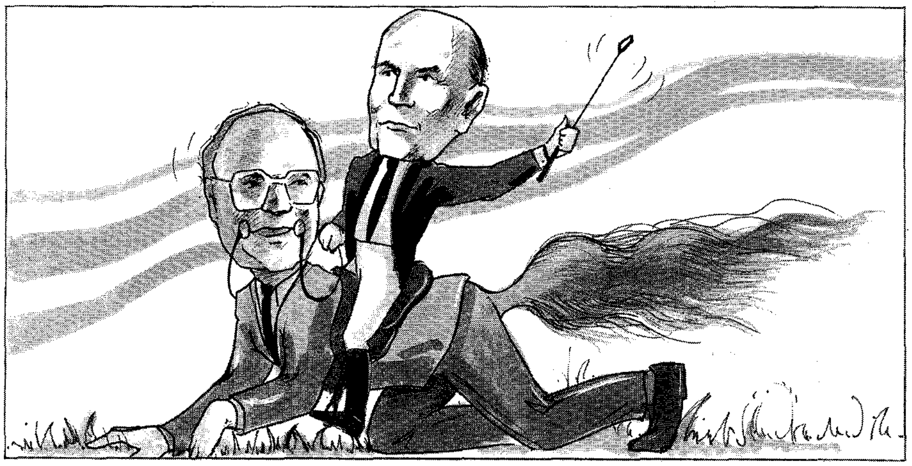
Yours sincerely,
David Landau
Waco, Tex.

Dear Mr. Landau: I have no problems at all. But some people do. Cordially, **—WFB**

ON THE SCENE

German Horse, French Rider

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN



Jennifer Lawson

DUBLIN

THE EUROPEAN summit, held here on the weekend of April 28–29, has ended in a blaze of publicity about a European surge toward political unity, and about Mrs. Thatcher's "isolation" as a result of the surge in question. Mrs. Thatcher's political troubles are manifold and grave, but surely the least among them is her supposed isolation over a hypothetical entity going by the name of European political unity.

It is true that she does not want to give up the sovereignty of her country. But *no* European leader wants to make such a concession; no European country is prepared for anything of the kind. This should become apparent when the foreign ministers report on the six-week study period ordered by the Dublin summit.

The illusion of an impending United States of Europe—Chancellor Kohl's phrase—has been engendered by the French and German governments for reasons which are quite different but capable of being expressed, for the moment, in terms of a joint aspiration toward European political unity.

On the German side, to appear to take the lead in a supposed surge toward European unity meets the needs of the real surge, which is toward *German* unity. The notion of European unity is used to put to rest the nagging fears which the notion of a united Germany arouses in the bosoms of other Europeans. Herr Kohl suggests such fears are groundless, for this united Germany will be part of a United States of Europe: no more of a menace to other European states than the state of Pennsylvania is to Delaware.

The French have different reasons for being enthusiastic about European unity. They see it as a means of keeping a united Germany under control. Their politicians and diplomats have long believed themselves to be exerting some kind of control over West Germany through the European Community. That control must now be strengthened so that an enlarged Germany can still be securely "anchored."

The French have a pertinent metaphor about a horse. French officials like to explain—to non-Germans—the concept that is, in their view, central to the working of the Community. This is the concept of a "partnership between horse and rider." The horse is German economic strength; the rider is French political intelligence. As it happens, the physical appearance of the present leaders of the two nations embodies this metaphor, with Herr Kohl easily perceived as the massive, ponderous horse, and M. Mitterrand the crafty little jockey.

To those of us who are not French, the idea of France being in a position of control over West Germany and about to extend that control over a united Germany may not seem very plausible. But to the French it is congenial, and therefore credible. They find the idea of European political unity acceptable, not because they have the slightest intention of abandoning any jot or tittle of French sovereignty, but because they see political unity as a smart wheeze for curbing the exercise of German sovereignty. When M. Mitterrand and Herr Kohl make a joint statement on political unity, the French see their clever president as leading that *boche* round by the nose. This naturally enhances their affection and esteem for him.

Of its nature, the Franco-German alliance on European political unity cannot have a long life. Its maximum duration will be the same as that of the "two-plus-four" talks on German unity. Once those talks have resulted in agreement, the usefulness of European political unity as a topic of conversation will be at an end as far as Germany is concerned. And then the clever jockey in the tricolor silks will find that he is riding for a fall.

IN THE meantime, the British Foreign Secretary, Douglas Hurd, should not find the discussions of the foreign ministers on political unity too difficult. Nobody really wants a United States of Europe. Even Herr Kohl has no intention of allowing his own office to dwindle to that of a state governor under a European president possessing powers, authority, and prestige similar to those of the President of the United States of America.

Any proposals from the German side are likely to be cosmetic, corresponding to the essentially cosmetic nature of the whole exercise from a German point of view. As for the French, it will tax even the celebrated ingenuity of their diplomats to come up with the formula they need, which is one that will leave French sovereignty intact while tying down the Germans.

Dr. O'Brien, Irish diplomat, politician, and writer, is at present working on a study of Edmund Burke.

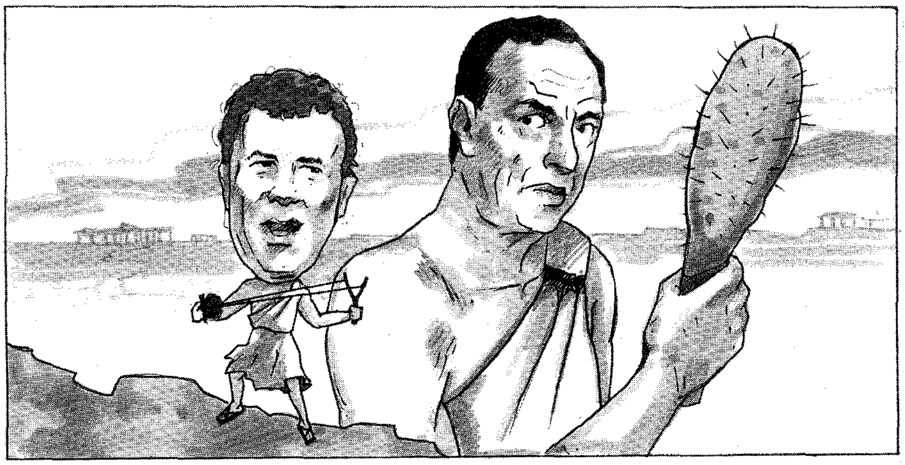
By requiring the foreign ministers to examine the question and report back, Mrs. Thatcher has called the Franco-German bluff over political unity and has put Mr. Hurd in a strong position. When Mrs. Thatcher said "no political unity," she meant what she said. But when President Mitterrand and Chancellor Kohl said "political unity," they meant a lot less than what they appeared to be saying. Just how much less will emerge from the meetings of the foreign ministers.

I expect there will be some tinkering with the European Parliament to make it look a little bit less of a nonsense than it is at present, but any extension of the powers of the European Parliament is likely to be at the expense of the European Commission in Brussels, rather than of national parliaments. Mr. Hurd will have little difficulty in fending off threats to the British crown and parliament.

In fact, he should have quite an enjoyable time. □

Mario the Fire God

RICHARD BROOKHISER



Jennifer Lawson

NEW YORK

MARIO CUOMO is like Mt. Etna—when he rumbles, people notice. He flew to Washington in February to make a few comments on the peace dividend, and the next day stories feathered the papers like ash. When the war chest for his re-election campaign this year approached eight figures, political geologists gravely entered the fact in their data-banks. Cuomo continues to coast on the awe provoked by his last eruption—the keynote speech to the San Francisco Democratic national convention. This is the one great thing he has going for him, the thing that makes reporters and pols who talk about him sound like natives in an old movie about great white explorers: *Long time gone, fire god roar. But maybe day come, fire god roar again.*

The two things he has going against him are that the speech was in 1984, and that the state he governs has gone to pot meanwhile. These disadvantages will, in all likelihood, prevent him from ever reaching the White House. They have not yet hurt him in state politics, largely because the New York Republican Party is too feeble-minded to make use of them. This, however, may be about to change.

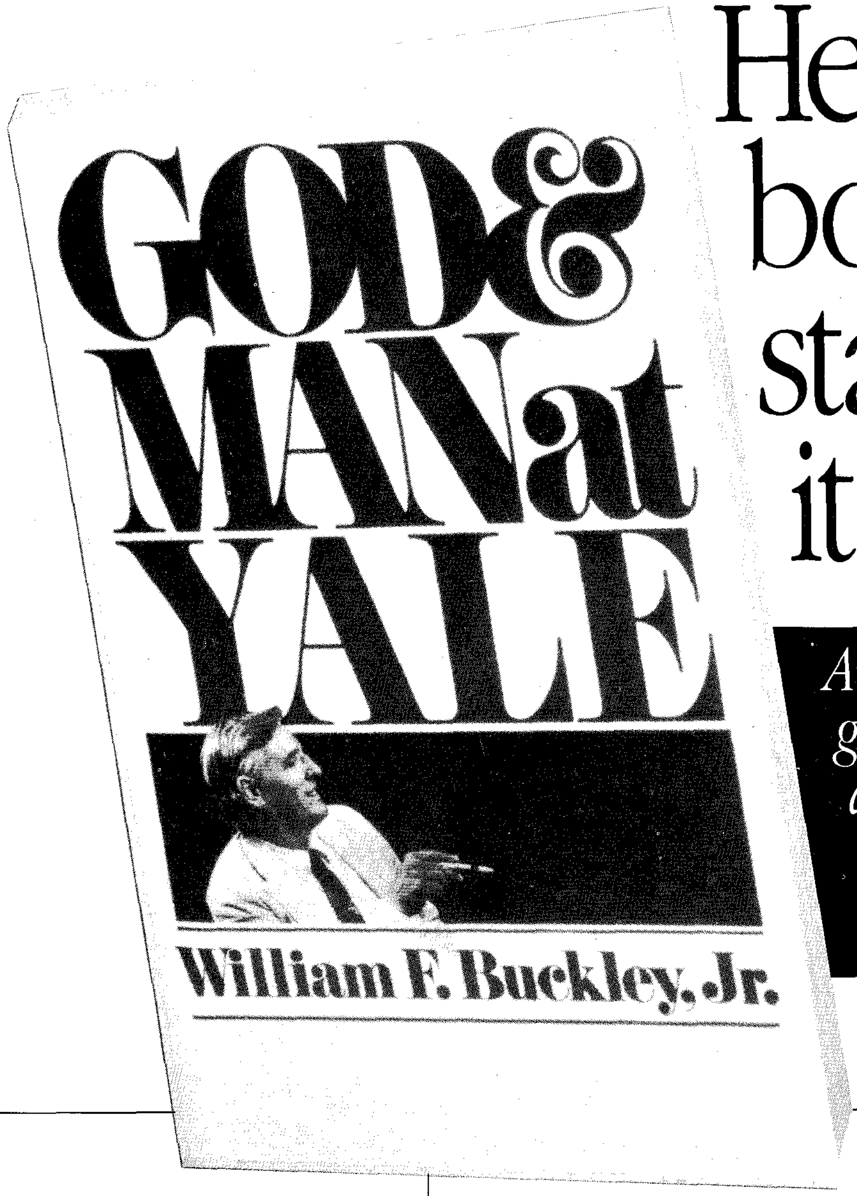
The woes New York State has suffered under Cuomo landed on the front pages this spring, as the governor and the legislature found themselves struggling with a $1.5-billion budget gap. Cuomo proposed deferring a scheduled income-tax rate cut—bad news in a state where anyone who earned $25,000 in 1988 paid 40 per cent more in state income taxes than he would have if he had lived in New Jersey. All over Albany, solons searched desperately for new things to tax. Cuomo suggested a 6 per cent tax on out-of-state phone calls—not a smart idea for the nation's financial center. Another plan proposed picking up $8 million from a sales tax on doughnuts, sweet rolls, and coffee cakes; squeezing cakes and cupcakes would bring in another $8 million. In the midst of these perplexities, Standard & Poor's dropped a stink-bomb, lowering New York's credit rating to A. Only Louisiana and Massachusetts, among rated states, rank lower.

The governor treats the deficit as a revenue problem. The figures (assembled by Ed Rubenstein for the Manhattan Institute) tell a different story. New York is strapped for cash because it has been spending too much. From 1983 to 1989, state spending per capita rose 55.9 per cent, while the per-capita spending of all the states rose only 38.2 per cent. From 1978 to 1983, by way of contrast, New York State spending increased at less than the national pace; 1983, as it happens, was the year Mario Cuomo took office.

The state government isn't the only sufferer. Since 1982, the state has lost 12 per cent of its manufacturing jobs, over 167,000 of them. Corporate headquarters continue to flee to Connecticut or New Jersey. New York's taxes may not be high enough to pay its bills, but they've done their bit to hurt the state's economy.

IN A STATE with vigorous two-party politics, the outs would be making hay. Instead, the New York GOP is pushing up daisies. The party still suffers to a great extent from the long reign of Nelson Rockefeller (1959–1974). Rockefeller's pockets discouraged the party from ever learning to fend for itself, while his liberalism dulled its intellectual edge. Had Lewis Lehrman beaten Mario Cuomo in 1982, as he very nearly did, things would be different. But with his defeat, the party went back to its defeatist ways. The candidate it fielded to run against Cuomo in 1986, Andrew O'Rourke, lost by 65 per cent to 32 per cent.

The search for a gubernatorial candidate this time around has resembled, as the *New York Post*'s Albany correspondent put it, a "bum of the week" club. Former U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani was a favorite of party leaders, but with polls showing him barely leading Cuomo among Republicans, he hesitated. Bill Green, the millionaire supermarket heir who holds the Silk Stocking district of Manhattan for the GOP, was the next bright idea, but, preferring a safe House seat to certain death, he hesitated too. Another problem Giuliani and Green share, apart from fear, is the hard time they would have selling their Big Apple liberalism to Republi-



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can voters upstate and on Long Island. In recent weeks, the names have come thick and fast: George Pataki, an assemblyman from Peekskill; Jonathan Bush, George's brother; David Rockefeller, Nelson's brother; Hugh Carey, Cuomo's predecessor (and a Democrat). It begins to look like the Knesset. Come to think of it, Menachem Schneerson lives in Brooklyn . . .

To add injury to insult, the Republican State Committee revealed in April that it was $360,000 in debt—a debility it had been concealing so as not to scare off candidates—and fired a quarter of its paid staff.

The lone fresh face in the ranks of Republican hopefuls belonged to Evan Galbraith, ambassador to France under Ronald Reagan. Galbraith, a self-described supply-sider with a background in investment banking, itched to hammer at Cuomo's economic record. He was even willing to attack state employees' unions and rent regulation, which would be like praising Ceausescu in Bucharest. His candidacy fell afoul of the state's residency laws, however, which require candidates to have lived here for five years, and he aborted his campaign in March.

THE CONSERVATIVE torch has been picked up by an unlikely but able candidate: Herbert London. London's political experience consists of having sought the New York City Republican mayoral nomination a year ago. He pulled out months before the primary, unable to assemble the wherewithal to mount a successful petition drive. But in the time he was in the race, he impressed Republican audiences with his grasp of, and ability to frame, the issues.

London was born in Brooklyn in 1939. He played basketball (center) well enough, in high school and at Columbia, to be drafted by the old Syracuse Nationals, though knee trouble prevented him from playing with them. He also cut a record, "We're Not Going Steady," for a label called Buzz Records.

He found himself when he became a junior-high-school social-studies teacher. In 1967, he moved to New York University, where five years later he was tapped to launch the Gallatin Division, an experiment in adult education that combines do-it-yourself course selection and a Great Books core. The program, which he still heads, has grown to 850 students.

The focus of a London campaign would be economic. "The primary issue is to create a congenial economic environment. I want to roll back taxes." The way to do that, he believes, is by privatization. "*Perestroika* has come to Eastern Europe, not to New York," and he can tick off a long list of enterprises that have fastened to the ship of state over the years like barnacles: ski resorts; a prison health service; an insurance plan for all state employees; a million dollars a year to a cheese museum. The list goes on.

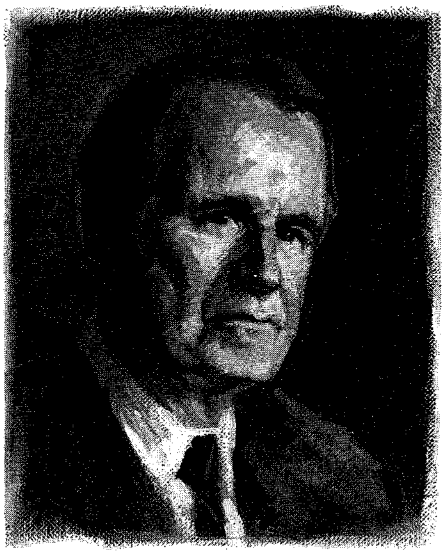
London also supports the death penalty, which Mario Cuomo has vetoed every time the legislature has proposed it. He opposes state funding of abortions, which the Doctor of the Church up in Albany supports. As an educator, he believes in statewide testing. "If New York is to have a well-trained labor force, you must be able to read at the 12th-grade level when you graduate from high school." You must also, *pace* State Education Commissioner Thomas Sobol, know who Benjamin Franklin was, as well as Crispus Attucks.

London has the good words of Mike Long, chairman of the state Conservative Party, and of several upstate Republican county chairmen. The GOP mafia—Giuliani, Green, State Senator Roy Goodman—is sure to make a major push to block him.

His chances against Cuomo? Faint. London is a meat-and-potatoes speaker; he has not learned the storm cloud's thunderous melody. On the other hand, the way to get Cuomo in debate is to tick him off—a task for which London, who is hard as nails, is well suited. Cuomo will try to avoid debate, as he did against O'Rourke. Does the fire god treat with mortals? The state is in sad enough shape, however, that he may not be able to get away with it twice in a row. □

Mr. Bush's Cautious Embrace?

WILLIAM McGURN



Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON

ON A SUNNY Monday afternoon in April, George Bush sat down at a mahogany desk in the Old Executive Office Building, picked up his pen, and signed into law the Hate Crimes Statistics Act. Sponsored by Senator Paul Simon (D., Ill.), the new law requires the Attorney General to begin collecting information on hate-motivated crimes based *on religion, race, ethnicity, or* sexual orientation. Unlike most bills, this one got a public signing by the President, and unlike any previous ceremony it was attended by more than twenty gay activists, the first time gay activists had formally been invited to a presidential bill signing.

Few were surprised at the signing itself, inasmuch as Bush had made his views clear back when his delegates were ordered to reject even the mildest reporting requirements on AIDS when they were writing the Republican platform. But at the eleventh hour the White House opted for the public ceremony. Twelve invitations were sent to the Human Rights Campaign fund (a national gay-rights lobby), seven to the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF), and three to Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays. The only departure from normal protocol was that Senator Simon was not standing behind the President during the ceremony, a nod to Simon's Republican challenger for his Senate seat, Representative Lynn Martin.

For the moment gay-rights activists are delighted with Bush; in marked contrast to their earlier treatment (he was rudely interrupted by a heckler during a March 29 speech on AIDS), they were well behaved and respectful. But this rapprochement is doomed to collapse once it becomes clear to the gay community that Bush will not deliver what it is really after, which is an endorsement of homosexuality itself. Meanwhile, his overtures in that direction may alienate his own base. At a time when the Republican Party is in the thick of a campaign to build a new majority grounded in the values of Middle America, the President's stand on these and other questions suggests that the party's Washington leadership is as out of touch with the ranks as, say, the black establishment is with the black population.

"There is a deep divide here," says the domestic policy advisor to the Reagan White House, Gary Bauer. "If you went to the average person who worked for the Republican Party at the precinct level or supported them at the polls and showed them Mapplethorpe's pictures or explained to them what the Administration is doing on gay rights, you'd find that more than 90 per cent would be outraged."

THE Hate Crimes bill is just one example. Ostensibly it is about requiring the government to keep statistics on hate crimes, but its real significance is that it writes "sexual orientation" into federal law for the first time (the *Washington Blade*, the capital's gay weekly, called it a "landmark development"). Nor was it something the President backed into. To George Bush the issue is tolerance of homosexuals, but what the bill is really all about is legitimacy for homosexuality. Indeed, for a bill that claims to combat Ku Klux Klan or skinhead types of aggression, the signing ceremony drew but a handful of blacks.

"I was encouraged and the organization [NGLTF] was pleased that the Bush White House is not afraid to talk to or deal with gay and lesbian organizations," said the NGLTF's executive director, Urvashi Vaid, who was not invited because she was the one who heckled Bush in March. "It is a very positive step and represents a qualitative leap forward from the Reagan Administration."

She's right. Increasingly AIDS is treated not as a public-health question—witness the coverage of Ryan White, the young boy who was infected by a blood transfusion—but as a means to set up special privileges for homosexuals, abetted by the Bush Administration. In 1987, for example, the Senate passed by a 96 to 0 vote an amendment by Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) to deny entry to HIV-infected immigrants. But this spring the White House, led by Health and Human Services Secretary Louis Sullivan, pushed through a special ten-day waiver for those who wish to attend an AIDS conference in San Francisco in June. Now it is trying to get the Public Health Service to remove AIDS from the list of "dangerous contagious diseases." On top of this the President supports the Americans with Disabilities Act, which, under the guise of protecting AIDS victims, gives all gays the privileges of the handicapped.

This may appeal to the patrician streak in Bush, but the gay community is not looking for compassion. Just ask John Cardinal O'Connor, the Catholic archbishop of New York. The cardinal has opened the 14 hospitals of the archdiocese to treatment of HIV-infected inpatients, set up a number of clinics to deal with outpatient services, and been at the bedside of well over a thousand of those near death. Yet Cardinal O'Connor is hated by the gay community because he withholds the approval of homosexuality itself.

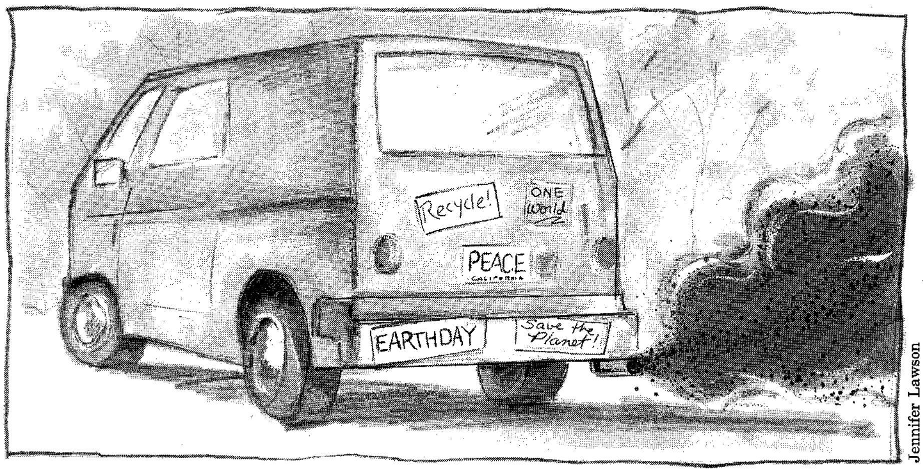
By the time Bush finds himself in the same position, he may have already alienated most of his friends. Already there is considerable grumbling on the Hill because of the White House's imperious disregard for traditional constituencies and its habit of making pre-emptive deals with the staffs of Senators Ted Kennedy (D., Mass.) and George Mitchell (D., Me.). The larger concern is that the Administration's positions on everything from gay rights to federal funding of art offensive to the majority of Americans subvert Republicans who are trying to launch a 1992 takeover of the House on a program based on conservative solutions to local problems.

"We now have a group in the White House," says one top-ranking Republican, "who think they're smarter than everyone else and that George Bush should have been President in 1980 instead of that clown Reagan.

"They're so smart, they may cost us everything we've worked for." □

Earth Day 1990: T-Shirts and Environmental Justice

J. J. AUTOBAHN



Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

EARTH DAY 1990 was an odd, anticlimactic affair in the nation's capital. Although the city's news media had been pouring out a stream of green ink for weeks, there seemed to be little genuine interest and little intensity.

We joined the celebration early in the afternoon, by which time perhaps a hundred thousand people were gathered on the Mall. Most, however, ap-

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J. J. Autobahn is the pseudonym of a disgruntled conservationist who lives in Washington, D.C.

peared simply to be enjoying a spectacularly lovely spring day. Groups of young men and women were out looking at each other, tossing frisbees, working on their suntans (seemingly unconcerned about the hole in the atmosphere), or just hanging out. Washington's fertile bureaucracy were out with their newborn in yuppie baby carriages, their older children walking dogs or flying kites. All in all, Washingtonians were doing what they do on most nice days, joined by vacationing college students and traditional spring tourists.

East, toward the Capitol, the crowd was thicker. The Earth Day Exhibition Area, a sea of large tents stretching along Independence Avenue from 4th to 3rd Streets, had already undergone environmental degradation. All the grass had been destroyed, and the mire was made passable in most places only by a layer of straw. The three most popular activities were buying T-shirts, accumulating pounds of literature, and eating.

OF THE three most popular exhibits, one was that of the National Wildlife Federation, whose president, Jay Hair, is one of the most vociferous critics of the profit system for supposedly destroying the environment, while he personally has sold off to developers a number of magnificent private wildlife refuges which the Federation's Land Heritage Program was pledged to keep and manage in perpetuity. The cash registers were ringing merrily as the crowds massed to buy his T-shirts at $14 a pop.

The previous day, at a forum on "Shaping a New Environmental Agenda," Hair had given a speech awash in tear-jerking piety, in which he had talked mainly about the need for social justice and for helping low-income and minority communities, combined with environmental justice; all this to be obtained via an amendment to the U.S. Constitution guaranteeing the right to breathe clean air and drink clean water. (The Soviet constitution expressly forbids environmental degradation.) He thundered, "I want to find out who's against clean air and clean water."

Well, maybe selling tacky little T-shirts for $14 is a way of promoting social justice and helping the poor. Interestingly, apparently all the other exhibitors, including the much-maligned EPA-sponsored "Earthfest 90," made their sales by hand and stored the cash in cash-boxes, baskets, cardboard boxes, whatever. But at the Federation tent, six electric cash registers were running off a gasoline-powered generator that spewed air pollutants into the congested throng. This is an appropriate technology? This is green? The Federation did have a more environmentally benign express line which accepted checks only. At least Friends of the Earth attempted to keep its gigantic earth balloon inflated by employing a solar panel to run its generator. But, alas, alternative technologies don't appear totally capable of powering Western Civilization yet, because the solar system failed and FOE had to switch over to petroleum products.

Conservation International's tent had a long line of people outside, waiting to walk through a "tropical forest" consisting of moss-festooned tropical plants from local nurseries and tape-recorded jungle calls, together with a couple of tables chockablock with colorful T-shirts for sale. They might have saved the expense and effort and set up their T-shirt stands outside the nearby Botanic Gardens, with their gigantic tropical jungle of palms, banana trees, streams, and ponds.

The third biggest hit was NORML. Yes, NORML. We were wondering what the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws had to do with environmental preservation. A sign on NORML's tent reminded the environmentally sensitive: "Hemp—America's Premier Renewable Natural Resource." "Hemp for Ecology" leaflets informed us that hemp was good for soil building, didn't require as many chemicals as corn or cotton, saved forests, was a source of fuel, could be used for clothing superior to cotton goods. And, just in case, there was another little pamphlet printed on yellow paper (presumably colored with environmentally safe dyes), entitled, "Dealing with Urine Tests on Short Notice."

It was that kind of crowd. Very young, very middle class, very acquisitive, and very white. There was the usual minute sprinkling of blacks, characteristic of all environmental gatherings. American Indians were present in substantially greater numbers.

It was all vaguely reminiscent of the 1960s and the roots of the environmental movement in rock 'n' roll and antiwar protests. The people certainly looked the same. They were just more laid back and interested in having a good, but quiet, time. At the edge of the hard-core congregation gathered immediately below the west front of the Capitol, the Reflecting Pool was peopled with celebrants wading, throwing frisbees, and even attempting to swim in the shallow water. Some music group was yelling, "I want you to go crazy!" We asked a dozen or so of the young environmentalists what the name of the group was. Surprisingly, none of them knew, nor could they understand the "lyrics."

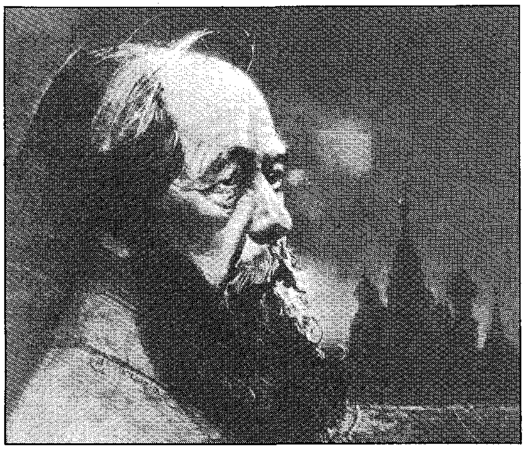
We kept looking for people signing the "Green Pledge." Although we didn't see anyone doing so, there were surely thousands who did, for this was a feel-good gathering. Surely they were pledging to do their utmost to recycle, conserve energy, save water, buy environmentally safe products, vote only for environmentally sound politicians, and support enactment of local, state, and national laws and international treaties protecting the environment. What more could one do to Save the Earth?

AS WE finally headed home shortly before six, someone had ignited some plastic debris, and noxious fumes were wafting up toward the Capitol. A half-block away we escaped the odor, and in the little garden across the street from the Botanic Gardens, America's purportedly vanishing songbirds were thriving. Song sparrows, robins, mockingbirds, and a newly arrived migrant yellowthroat were all in full song, just a few feet away from the toxic cloud of one of Washington's busiest thoroughfares.

At 14th and Pennsylvania, we watched two mallards paddling in the ornamental fountain and eating popcorn thrown by a group of giggling, quacking children. After the children ran off, leaving behind a small pile of *Ranger Rick* magazines, we thought these birds were offering hope that a resilient nature will give us time to create a sound environmental policy based on the use of property rights, economic incentives, and market mechanisms in place of the tired and failed regulatory morass promoted for the past twenty years. ☐

The Anti-Bolshevik Revolution

BEYOND GORBACHEV



Western leaders—most strikingly, President Bush—seem unable to contemplate life after Gorbachev. The Soviet people have no such disability.

XAN SMILEY

THERE ARE worrying signs that President Bush has become hooked on President Gorbachev—that he is unable to contemplate, let alone encourage, the full-blooded democratization and decolonization of the Soviet Union because the Kremlin leader seems reluctant to stomach them. Appreciating the West's embarrassing impotence in the face of the bullying of Lithuania, Gorbachev may have gained the impression that Americans consider him irreplaceable. Ritual incantations about "helping him make *perestroika* succeed" are beginning to expose a dangerous lack of definition about what the West actually wants the Soviet Union to become—and they could encourage Gorbachev to slam on the brakes. Instead of preparing for the probability that the final consequence of Russia's reforms will be the demise of the Communist Party and of Gorbachev himself, Western policy-makers seem to be locked into the belief that Mikhail the Miracle-Maker must remain in power at virtually any cost and that enlightened despotism in Russia may contribute to world stability.

Gorbachev is a very great man of immense courage and skill, whose desire to reinvigorate the Soviet Union has led to the collapse of an ideology and the unraveling of an empire. But he is not a magician. He did not plan much of what has recently happened. It might be nice if he were to stay in power for a year or so longer, wielding an authoritarian baton to keep the so-called conservatives at bay while prodding the country down the path to irreversible change. But he *is* replaceable.

Of course the West cannot coerce the Kremlin into doing what is right. But it should disabuse Gorbachev of any hope that he will be lauded for creating some kind of enlightened despotism. It can certainly, should the bullying get worse, deny him a host of economic bonuses on which he is relying to transform his decayed economy. And it is not just a matter of Lithuania. It is a question of Gorbachev's willingness to accede to the popular will across the Soviet Union.

An official of the State Department recently told me that Gorbachev has, anyway, got four more years as executive president to "institutionalize" the frail new structures of emerging democracy—a parliamentary forum, an independent judiciary, pluralism in the media, and so on. I would not bet on those four years. The people's assertiveness and anger are too strong.

Too Secret Ballot

IT MUST be remembered that Gorbachev as leader has no real legitimacy. He was secretly selected in 1985 by the then Politburo's dozen geriatrics, who saw him as the only senior figure with the dynamism to save the Soviet Union's stagnant political and economic system. It should be remembered, too, that the revamped parliament (the 2,250-strong Congress of People's Deputies) which recently ratified Gorbachev's presidency was itself elected last year only after candidates had submitted to a rigorous screening by the Communist Party machine. The marvel was that a few hundred free-minded spirits did manage to slip through the net, to be cheered on by an awakening electorate. Once the Congress's debates were aired on television, the bug of free speech proved infectious. But the Congress, as a whole, was no more freely elected than Gorbachev. The Soviet people are acutely aware of this.

Mr. Smiley is Washington correspondent of the Sunday Telegraph *of London. From 1986 to 1989 he was the* Daily Telegraph's *Moscow correspondent.*

So pressure for proper elections, especially since Gorbachev was forced to concede the principle of multipartyism, will surely prove irresistible long before four years are up. A real counter-revolution, with Gorbachev likely to be one of its victims, is inexorably advancing.

This is particularly relevant to the economic reforms which have so far, five years after Gorbachev took power, barely begun. Politicians like Dick Gephardt who call amiably for stronger American–Soviet business links forget that there is barely the tiniest incentive for anybody—save a few barter-traders and symbol-conscious pioneers like McDonald's who do not mind amassing millions of useless rubles—to do real business. Various advisors of Gorbachev have begun to talk truly radically about the need for converting the ruble, slashing subsidies, accepting mass unemployment, and so on, but Gorbachev understandably shrinks from inflicting greater pain on a people who already live in squalor, despite the USSR's gargantuan natural wealth. The Poles, now swallowing horrible economic medicine, have a chance of turning their economy round. But there's the rub: the pain-injecting Polish government was genuinely elected by the Polish people. Truly representative government is a pre-condition for truly radical economic reform.

At the Party Congress due this July, Gorbachev may accept a two- or even three-way split in the Communist Party. My guess is that an orthodox wing, perhaps led by the hated Yegor Ligachev, may split one way. Gorbachev may give his new-look rump Party—Eurocommunist in style, modern and market-oriented—a new name. It would not save him, any more than it has saved the East German or Hungarian Communists. But by far the most potent breakaway group would be the embryo social democrats, who have already emerged as the fledgling opposition within the new parliament.

No Prophet in His Own Land

SOME GORBACHEV admirers believe he is a closet social democrat. I doubt it. His repeated expressions of reverence, albeit nowadays qualified and sometimes muted, for the wisdom of Lenin and Marx cannot be altogether recanted without total loss of credibility. More probably he will try to emulate Hungary's ultra-reformist Communist Imre Pozsgay, who boldly led his country down the road to pluralism—and was then dumped by the ungrateful people. Under street pressure, Gorbachev might call a snap presidential election, before the social-democratic opposition has time to choose and publicize an alternative. He might even pull it off. But if the social democrats were allowed to organize properly for elections, they would slaughter him.

These days it goes without saying that in the big cities most leading Communist figures are jeered out of office by the voters, who can still be browbeaten only on the farms and in small provincial towns. The vast majority of voters, given a chance, would quite simply vote for the sort of parties which, they now know, have given Western workers an incomparably high standard of living.

Gorbachev is not popular in the Soviet Union. Many, but by no means all, of the intelligentsia acknowledge his massive accomplishment in loosening the strait-jacket in which they have been constrained for so long. But few Russians believe Gorbachev has controlled the agenda in the past year. Rather, they see him as trying to turn concessions extracted under duress into statesmanlike achievements. They do not believe he meant to embrace multi-partyism or intended to see the Eastern European empire crumble overnight. Above all, however grateful they should be for the changes he has unleashed, he remains the head of an utterly hated body—the Communist Party of the Soviet Union—to which a mere 7 per cent of the population belongs. Add family and bureaucratic hangers-on and those for whom subservience has become natural, and you might find 15 per cent voting for a new-look Party.

Part of the reluctance of Western leaders openly to welcome the prospect of real democracy stems from distrust of—even contempt—for the Russian and other Soviet peoples. Forgetting the frenetic industrial growth and spasms of half-cocked constitutionalism during the couple of decades before the 1917 Revolution, the doubters argue that Russian history is a mere continuum of tyranny, from Ivan the Terrible to Stalin, and that the people are ill suited to democracy.

Another Western canard, which encourages the no-alternative-to-Gorbachev argument, is the popular assumption that, given half a democratic chance, the Russian people would embrace a mystical, pan-Slavic, chauvinist, anti-Semitic rejection of Western economic and political values. A populist, anti-Western, illiberal current does indeed exist, as it did before the Revolution. A facet of totalitarian states is that ugly phenomena such as racialism, which people living in open societies are forced to acknowledge and tackle, survive intact precisely because they are said officially to have evaporated in the new Utopia. In their desperation, sections of the Soviet Communist Party are pandering to Russian chauvinism and anti-Semitism, hoping that workers can be excited by grubby appeals to hatred of "deracinated intellectuals," "speculators," "foreign creditors," "Jews," "Masonic plots," and so on. Gorbachev has included a couple of Russian nationalists—including the writer Valentin Rasputin, who harks back to a romantic brand of nineteenth-century village purity with distinct anti-Semitic undertones—on his recently formed presidential council. There could even be a grimy alliance between the orthodox Marxist dogmatists, such as Ligachev, and sections of the Russian Orthodox Church, a substantial part of whose leadership has long been in thrall to the KGB. Some of the more anti-*glasnost* Party publications contain rampantly anti-Semitic material, which causes understandable shudders among the liberal intelligentsia. *Pogrom*, after all, is a Russian word.

But none of this means that the Soviet people as a whole would fall for such base ideas at the polls. The evidence is against. The poison in such magazines as *Our Contemporary* (*Nash Sovryemyennik*) means that a certain section of the despised Communist Party, which controls these journals, is willing to peddle chauvinism as a last-ditch attempt to woo the workers. To date, well-known Russian nationalists, such as the painter Ilya Glazunov, the writer Yuri Bondarev, and the editor of *Our Contemporary*, Stanislav Kunyayev, have failed dismally when they have faced the voters. Last month in Leningrad, a hub of such chauvinism, only four members of the nationalist Patriotic Block, which panders to anti-Semitism, managed to win seats in the four-hundred-strong city council. In Moscow they did worse. In both, the would-be social democrats triumphed.

But where, ask the skeptics, is the social-democratic leadership? The late Andrei Sakharov was its guide. But he is survived by a core of able, articulate, and brave men, such as the attorney Anatoly Sobchak, the historian Yuri Afanasyev, the constitutionalist Sergei Stankeyevich, the economist Gavriil Popov, and the former weight-lifting champion Yuri Vlasov, whose denunciation of the KGB was one of the most telling speeches at last summer's opening session of the new parliament. Then there is Boris Yeltsin, still immensely popular though derided by the intelligentsia for his lack of intellectual refinement, but who is steadily learning and patently open to Western ideas.

ALAN NAHIGIAN

Above All, Solzhenitsyn

FINALLY, towering outside the Soviet Union is that mighty fortress of integrity, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who could yet play a massive part in the new Russia, were he to return. He is now acknowledged throughout the Soviet Union as a literary and moral colossus, the symbol of a Russia that need not be fed on lies and half-truths. He is often misunderstood in the West and suspected by some Russian intellectuals, such as Andrei Sinyavsky, as an authoritarian, theocratic visionary with a hatred of the West and Western constitutionalism. He has also been unjustifiably tarred with the brush of anti-Semitism. In his huge historical novel *The Red Wheel*, his unsympathetic portrayal of Dmitri Bogrov, who assassinated Solzhenitsyn's hero Pyotr Stolypin before he could force through reforms that would have given the peasants proper land title [see box, page 28], is thought by some to dwell unduly on Bogrov's Jewishness. Also, Solzhenitsyn was friendly, 16 years ago, with Igor Shafarevich, an eccentric mathematician who has emerged in Moscow as a leader of an anti-Semitic caucus of writers. But not a shred of evidence supports the charge that Solzhenitsyn is himself an anti-Semite, though the nationalist camp wants to claim him as their own.

A quarrelsome and inflexible figure, Solzhenitsyn has been suspected of anti-democratic tendencies because, in his *Letter to the Leaders*, published in 1974, he argued that Russia would need authoritarian rule if it were to be dragged out of its mire, and he even commented kindly on Spain's General Franco. But such views were expressed when, in Solzhenitsyn's view, resistance to the expansion of Communism was the first priority, and few could imagine the system's outright collapse. He urges a Christian rebirth of Russian society, but has categorically denied that he advocates "theocratic absolutism." He has spoken warmly of some European democracies, such as the Swiss. He has indeed excoriated what he sees as excessive American materialism and a naïveté in the face of the Kremlin. He has also been scathing about the Western media, giving the impression that he does not understand our need to accept intrusiveness and bad taste as the price of free expression. But these are the failings of an angry, frustrated dissident, not a hater of democracy.

More important, despite his nationalism, Solzhenitsyn acknowledges the need for the dismantling of the Russian empire. To put the Balts in a special category of people who might be freed from Russian control without precipitating secession across the board is false logic, he would argue. All non-Russians in the USSR should be granted self-determination, within or outside the Soviet Union. The question of the Ukraine is the most fraught, because Russian and Ukrainian history is so entwined and much of the modern Ukraine highly Russified. At the very least, Russia will have to accept a confederal system with most of its former subject states or let them go altogether. Solzhenitsyn and the social democrats both know this. Ordinary Russians do not have a passionate emotional attachment to empire. If Russia itself—with all its Siberian riches—were well governed and prosperous, most Russians would not complain. Gorbachev, it seems, has yet to come to terms with the need for total decolonization. That is why, on Lithuania, Bush and other Western leaders should do their utmost to make him face up to it.

Above all, the Soviet people thirst for a figure like Czechoslovakia's Vaclav Havel, whose prime purpose is the uncompromising telling of the truth. This is where, for all the wonders of *glasnost*, Gorbachev and Solzhenitsyn are chalk and cheese. Look, for example, at Lithuania. The present Kremlin ruler, having taken nearly five years to admit that the Molotov–Ribbentrop secret protocols existed, now argues that Lithuania's status as part of the USSR remains legitimate because the people "voted" for incorporation in 1940: officially, the yes vote was 99.14 per cent with a 97 per cent turnout. Solzhenitsyn would never tolerate such a lie. To give Gorbachev his due, he could not have achieved what he has without officially espousing a whole string of beliefs that he may privately know to be hogwash. But that is the tragedy and the paradox of Gorbachev's position. For all his greatness in trying to extricate the Soviet people from their seventy-year nightmare, he is still forced to mouth motley half-truths because he is still the anointed creature of a false god—and more and more Russians know it. My hunch is that if Solzhenitsyn, whose reputation in the USSR is immense, were to return as an ally—perhaps even figurehead—of the

SOLZHENITSYN THE CENTRIST

HAS ANY other literary dealmaker ever faced a challenge like Vadim Borisov's? As Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's agent in Moscow, Borisov's task is to get his client's long-suppressed works into print as quickly as possible. His solution is to divide them among half a dozen different publishers; the literary journal *Novy Mir*, for example, has already serialized one-third of *The Gulag Archipelago*. By the end of 1990, many millions of Russians should own Soviet editions of Solzhenitsyn's books.

Some Soviet critics are already calling this "the year of Solzhenitsyn." Igor Vinogradov predicts that after absorbing books such as *August 1914* Russia will "in a spiritual sense be a substantially different country." To jaded Western readers that may sound like typical Slavic overstatement. It isn't.

Think about what Russians have to do. First they have to renounce a multi-national empire—which hardly any imperial power has ever done without losing a war. Second, they must transfer most of their economy from the public to the private sector—which no government anywhere has yet succeeded in doing. The odds of their performing both these feats at the same time, voluntarily and peacefully, are not good. Only a fellow Russian could hope to convince them of the need for what Solzhenitsyn calls "repentance and self-limitation."

That phrase comes from a prophetic 1973 essay, starkly inconsistent with the frequent portrayal of Solzhenitsyn as a nostalgic bigot. Even when the Soviet empire was still expanding, he proclaimed that "with regard to all the peoples in and beyond our borders forcibly drawn into our orbit, we can fully purge our guilt by giving them genuine freedom to decide their future for themselves."

With nationalist rebellions now shattering the Soviet colossus, free Russia desperately needs what Solzhenitsyn offers: a political creed that can both harness nationalism and tame it. Unlike the economic determinisms of both Right and Left, his creed takes nations seriously as moral realities; unlike vulgar tribalism, it rises above idolatry of one's own nation.

Nations, says Solzhenitsyn, are "susceptible to all moral feelings, including—however painful a step it may be—repentance. . . . *Every* nation without exception, however persecuted, however cheated, however flawlessly righteous it feels itself to be today, has certainly at one time or another contributed its share of inhumanity."

In the West such feelings have become a tool for minorities that seek permanent privileged status as "victims." But to Solzhenitsyn they are inseparable from mutual forgiveness and healing. "It is impossible to expect forgiveness before you yourself have made up your mind to forgive. . . . At some point the endless account must be closed." One can see why the Hoover Institution's John Dunlop calls Solzhenitsyn "a natural centrist."

Russians have acted for decades, Solzhenitsyn says, "on the conviction that the *guilty* ones were the czarist establishment, the bourgeois patriots . . . Zionists, imperialists, militarists, even modernists—anyone and everyone except you and me!" But in fact "this slimy swamp was formed by *us*, and no one else. . . . Each of us, if he honestly reviews the life he has led . . . will recall more than one occasion on which he pretended not to hear a cry for help, averted his indifferent eyes from an imploring gaze, burned letters and photographs which it was his duty to keep, forgot someone's name or dropped certain widows, turned his back on prisoners under escort, and—but of course—always voted, rose to his feet and applauded obscenities."

Solzhenitsyn's writings offer a theoretical framework for what might be called the "isolationist" wing of contemporary Russian nationalism, which wants to transfer the country's energies from global messianism to development of the Siberian frontier. As Solzhenitsyn puts it, "Our ocean is the Arctic, not the Indian Ocean; we are not the Mediterranean nor Africa and we have no business there!"

Just as traditional American isolationism was anti-European, so today's Russian isolationism includes anti-Western ingredients—some of which Solzhenitsyn shares. Our media barons will never forgive his ascetic scorn for the hedonism and triviality of our popular culture. So it is easy to forget how pro-Western he is on other issues, such as technology; he calls on his countrymen to "beautify" Siberia "with feats of engineering." It is easy to forget that when *August 1914* was first published it was criticized for being too hostile to czarist bungling, too hospitable to Western efficiency.

Just as Western provincials are unwilling to learn from Russia's spiritual tradition, so many Russian isolationists are suspicious of free-

National Review
Special Supplement

REBUILDING AMERICA: A CITIZENS' GUIDE

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Preface

In the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, *the editors included in our credenda the statement: "The profound crisis of our era is, in essence, the conflict between the Social Engineers, who seek to adjust mankind to conform with scientific utopias, and the disciples of Truth, who defend the organic moral order." Over the next 35 years a political movement first was born, then grew and prevailed. But the defense and the nurture of the moral order, even by a governing majority, is a challenge. As original backers of that movement,* NR *now encourages a few very concrete suggestions.*

Every citizen has a duty to serve his community, but the nature of that service depends on his particular talents. As writers and editors we are in the business of criticism (which of course is as often positive as negative). The activists—act. Some men are graced to do both: Burke, for example, and Churchill, and Lincoln. As yet no editor of NATIONAL REVIEW *has gained elective office; consider the following a partial execution of our duty, in accordance with our role.*

—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Into the Nineties

REBUILDING AMERICA: A CITIZENS' GUIDE

For too long, Americans have said:
Let the government do it.
If we're to rebuild our beloved country,
we must roll up our own sleeves
and get down to work.

THIS special supplement to NATIONAL REVIEW is published in answer to a challenge. Back in January Bill Buckley and I received a letter from a friend of the magazine. "Having beaten Communism overseas," he wrote, "let's do the same for socialism at home. I hope to read forthcoming articles on that theme."

We've been writing on that theme for 35 years, and we'll write about it for another 35 if that's what it takes. But our friend had a point, and this is our response.

The historic events of that *annus mirabilis* 1989 are behind us: Communism as an ideology is dead. Now the courageous men and women of Central Europe, of the Baltic states, of the great but submerged nations of Georgia and Ukraine, even of Russia herself, must bend their backs to the hard task of lifting off the huge carcass of bureaucracy that is socialism's instrument—and its legacy.

It will not be easy. It may in fact prove impossible. To see how gargantuan a task it is, we only have to look at New York's rent-control laws, imposed in 1943 as a temporary wartime measure. Every responsible person in New York knows rent control does not work. Even the *New York Times* now says rent control does not work. Not only doesn't it work, Richard Brookhiser points out to us that its effect is the opposite of its intent: instead of maintaining affordable housing for the working poor, it causes a diminution of the housing stock, especially of the low-cost housing which the poor of New York desperately need.

So why hasn't rent control in New York been abolished? For a very simple and altogether human reason. The people who were lucky enough twenty or thirty years ago to move into a rent-controlled apartment, and who now enjoy rents as low as 10 per cent of the market price, are not about to give them up. Far from abolishing classes, socialism creates new ones. Far from abolishing privilege, socialism shuffles the deck and deals a new hand. The problem, of course, is that then the game stops.

So we can watch and marvel and help when possible as the newly freed peoples of Eastern and Central Europe wrestle with their burden. But, as the horror stories about obstruction and paralysis and economic despair continue to pour out, we should refrain from clucking.

We should, instead, perk up and take a good, hard look around us. History is trying to tell us something.

Obstruction and paralysis and economic despair: Have you ever been to your county's welfare office? Or walked door to door in your town's housing projects? Have you ever tried to solve a problem with your mother's Social Security check? Or tried to help an employee get a green card?

At NATIONAL REVIEW we think of ourselves as America's conservative magazine. But maybe Tom Bethell is right that in a day when conservatives are largely proposing solutions and liberals are largely opposing them, the old words have lost their application. Maybe we ought to think about ourselves as America's *reform* magazine. It's not that our principles have changed, but that our beloved country has changed.

Americans routinely tolerate conditions that would have been unthinkable only a generation ago. It is no surprise that these conditions are accompanied by (caused by?) a spiritual impoverishment that undermines the very notion of responsible citizenship.

This special supplement seeks to do several things: to lay out the problem, to explore how it arose and why it continues, and to forward some premises on how it can be solved. After our friend gave us the challenge, Congressman Newt Gingrich gave us a kick in the seat. Ideas have consequences, he reminded us, and if reform is to be made possible, it must begin with those in the business of promulgating ideas.

Gentlemen, challenge accepted. Now let's get down to work.

WICK ALLISON
PUBLISHER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LISA HANEY

NEW YORK AS CASE STUDY

BIG APPLE OF DISCORD

RICHARD BROOKHISER

GRAND Central Terminal, at the navel of midtown Manhattan, is a pompous building, in the literal sense of the word—grandiose, majestic, full of pomp. What else could you call a structure that presents to the tourist or commuter, as the first thing he sees above the main entrance, a fifty-foot-tall sculpture of Roman deities: Mercury, Hercules, and Minerva—"a monument to the glory of commerce," in the words of Whitney Warren, the architect, "supported by moral and mental energy"?

The second thing the tourist or commuter sees, once he is inside, is bums.

The bums—also known, in polite (and politically charged) discourse, as the "homeless"—for years made the waiting-room benches their special encampment. It was impossible for ticketholders who did not want to fraternize with them to wait there. Metro-North, the commuter railroad that manages the terminal, waged a war of nerves on the homeless throughout the Eighties: removing benches and lockers, forbidding shaving in the men's rooms, closing the doors at 1:30 A.M. But the homeless had allies. Every night, a feeding van from the Coalition for the Homeless would pull up to the terminal to distribute sandwiches, milk, and fruit. City buses would pull up too, to take anyone who wanted to go to a city-run shelter, but as these were thought by the homeless (correctly) to be focal points of drug use and crime, there were few takers, and the shelter buses no longer stop there.

There is a fair amount of talk about homelessness in New York City, though less as New Yorkers have become inured to it. There isn't much debate over it, since almost everyone chews and rechews the same supposed causes—the de-institutionalizing of mental patients, or "Reagan cuts" in government spending. But one cause that is rarely mentioned is inescapably obvious to anyone who takes the subway to the Bronx Zoo. When the trains come out of their tunnels in the South Bronx, and make the rest of the trip north on elevated tracks, anyone can see that New York City has a shortage of *homes*. Vast tracts of the South Bronx look like an artillery range or a combat zone. Entire blocks are flat as Arabia Deserta. Here and there stand single trees, or an incongruous slab of a row house. Many of the buildings that still stand have tinned or cinder-blocked windows, like blind eyes. Between 1972 and 1982, three hundred thousand apartments —nearly 2 per cent of the housing stock—were abandoned.

You Don't Go There

THESE ARE the neighborhoods one doesn't visit because there is no neighborhood there. Other neighborhoods are avoided because one would be killed. (In 1951, there were 244 murders, 904 rapes, and 7,004 robberies in New York City; in 1986, when the population had declined from 8.5 to 7.3 million, the figures were 1,896, 3,912, and 86,578.) The great inflammatory agent of crime in New York has been the drug trade. Addicts rob and steal to support their habits; drug sellers kill each other and policemen in pursuit of market share, and occasionally passersby as well. (Gang slang for those who accidentally stop bullets meant for someone else is "mushrooms.")

The crack crime wave touches other parts of town, too. Alexander's department stores lost $18 million to shoplifters during the year ending August 1989, despite spending $6 million on security. "Crack has caused an increase in employee theft," the vice president of security told the local weekly *7 Days*. "Some of the addicts can function enough to work here. Then they form conspiratorial rings with addicted employees of other stores." Shakespeare & Co., a prestige bookstore on the Upper West Side, loses 10 per cent of its inventory to thievery. Shoplifters have actually been caught with lists of best-selling titles that they intended to steal.

No Grounds for Hope

WHENEVER the present is grim, men place their hopes in education. But not too many New Yorkers place their hopes there. The New York City school system is notoriously heavy on administrators and light on achievement; 5,200 people work at the school system's central office at 110 Livingston Street in Brooklyn. (The city's parochial-school system, with one-quarter the number of pupils, makes do with 24 employees at its headquarters.) Joseph A. Fernandez, the new Schools Chancellor, has won a reputation for Gorbachev-like political finesse in dealing with this mess. His achievement? To get the Council of Supervisors and Administrators (the principals' union) to cede him the power to shift incompetent principals. Not to fire them, simply to move them to other schools. Since 1974, New York City principals had had "lifetime tenure to a building," a privilege they won from Governor Hugh Carey in return for political support.

Mr. Fernandez is not the only man to achieve iconic status for doing the obvious. Frank Mickens, principal of Boys and Girls High School in the Bedford–Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, recently announced that students could not come to class with gold caps on their teeth. These are not dental work but jewelry, often emblazoned with the wearer's initials, costing $40 to $100. "You can't go to Wall Street with gold teeth," Mickens told an auditorium-ful of freshmen. "You can be a drug dealer, you can be a prostitute, you can be a pimp. I'm not playing," the principal added, when his remarks were greeted by what the *New York Times* characterized as "loud cries of derision." Mickens's sensible decree was deemed newsworthy by all the papers.

If young New Yorkers were learning anything, the overstaffing and the attendant expense in the school system might be worth it, but many of them

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aren't. Only 54 per cent of the incoming high-school freshmen in 1982 managed to graduate within six years. The number of public elementary schools in the city where a child can be safe, and sure of a good education, can be counted on the fingers of two hands. As a consequence, almost everyone who can afford to do so sends his children to private schools. Each year, when Westinghouse announces the winners of its awards for high-school science projects, it is noted that the brainy public-school kids in New York are overwhelmingly Oriental, with a few Indians thrown in—a revelation that is often cited as proof of the intelligence and diligence of immigrants, at least of Asian ones. It does prove that. What it also proves is that the only smart and ambitious families that send their kids to public schools are the poor suckers who just got off the boat. Bright, successful all-American parents put the New York City school system behind them as fast as they can.

New York City, finally, is a cacophony of appalling ethnic and racial attitudes, from blasts of murderous hatred to the steady background hum of casual snap judgment. It is one of the things that makes life here wearying, even to the majority of New Yorkers who are not victims of insult or actual violence, but who must experience the mental narrowing that comes from living in a depraved social culture.

The Color of Their Skin

NEW YORK'S animosities are not equally expressed. Whenever whites kill blacks, media and politicians bend over backward to put the crime in its racial and sociological context. When blacks kill or hurt whites, the context disappears. (It took the *New York Times* four days before it revealed the race of the thugs accused of beating and raping the Central Park jogger.) So the undiscussable resentments flourish without check, while the inexpressible ones fester. The present mayor, David Dinkins, won his job entirely because of the color of his skin, while his opponent, Rudolph Giuliani, ran better than any other Republican in the last twenty years entirely because of the color of his.

Dinkins and Giuliani were politicians of average honor, who benefited from unsavory social dynamics. But wholly dishonorable lunatics enjoy surprising degrees of power and prominence in public life. The Reverend Al Sharpton, the clownish rogue whose lies were exposed during the Tawana Brawley affair, is still called upon to be the spokesman of black victims of racially motivated crimes. Sonny Carson, a black activist who had to be extruded from the lower reaches of the Dinkins campaign last fall after making anti-Semitic remarks, is back, boycotting Korean fruit-stand owners in Flatbush, a campaign supported by the black Brooklyn radio station WLIB. "The Arabs come and take everything. The Koreans come and take everything. The Jews come and take everything. Yet we have nothing," Carson's agents chant as they man the picket lines. Mayor Dinkins has yet to criticize the latest project of his former supporter, perhaps because WLIB is owned by one of his old political cronies, Percy Sutton.

New York City does not lead the nation in any of these ills. Washington has worse drug violence, Detroit has a higher homicide rate. Miami, St. Louis, and San Francisco all have larger percentages of their population living on the streets. It is in Milwaukee, not New York, that an elected official—Alderman Michael McGee—has called for the formation of a racial militia, and threatened to use it. No city seems happy with its schools.

New York deserves to be held up as an example of failure because of the contrast between its performance and its promise. For fifty years, virtually every mayor the city has had has come into office as an apostle of enlightenment and reform. For fifty years, every governor of the state—including the Republicans: Thomas Dewey, Nelson Rockefeller—has been the standard-bearer of kindred ideals. Everything that enlightened reformers have conceived, by way of improving our social lot and the quality of our life, has been proposed in New York, and put into effect.

Enlightened reform, as we have known it, claimed to be able to solve all of the problems catalogued above. It would wage "war" on poverty, and provide safer, cleaner, and cheaper housing than the private sector. It would give children the benefit of the most advanced theories of education, teaching them not only the Three Rs, but an ethos of egalitarian social harmony. By attacking discrimination and segregation, and by aiding their victims, it would improve the social mores of the adult world as well. Enlightened reform, finally, promised to diminish crime, for once people were well housed and better off, educated and integrated, the swamps of rage and despair which are the breeding grounds of crime would be drained.

The Central Non-Solution

THE MEANS for achieving these goals varied with each problem, but all had a common form. Remedies of all kinds, from apartment blocks to curricula, were centrally devised, and centrally provided. "Taxes are what we pay for civilization," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the government was the way civilization was to be passed on to us. This increase in state power and bureaucratic management was accompanied by a redefinition of "rights," which increasingly came to mean entitlements to services. When "rights" still referred to freedoms of some kind, they meant freedom from traditional social norms. Gold tooth caps are the least of it. A girl can dance naked on a stage in New York City, as Irving Kristol observed, so long as she is paid the minimum wage.

The last 25 years—when enlightened reform became the ideal of the

Federal Government, not just the city and the state—have been a test case of the frustration of its hopes. Enlightened reform, at best, made little progress against the ills it set out to cure. At worst, it exacerbated them.

Worse Than We Feared

CHARLES MURRAY has shown that, by half a dozen measures—including family cohesion, income, college enrollment, penetration of the white-collar world—blacks are worse off than even pessimists might have predicted in the mid Sixties. William Tucker has shown that homelessness festers in precisely those cities where the government has taken the strongest steps to regulate rent. Claude Brown, who wrote the definitive and searing study of ghetto heroin addiction, when heroin was the drug of suicidal choice, has testified that the attitudes of ghetto kids are much worse today than 25 years ago. All the dollars spent on education since the Sixties have tracked sinking curves in standardized test scores.

As for racial bitterness, enlightened reform certainly did not invent it. But the bureaucratic and political structures which reform put in place to deal with other problems have, perversely, given it a new lease on life. Since opportunity, and money, now flow from the state, which is to say, from the political system, the politically organized will have the best access to them. Organized competition for the static pool of state largesse inevitably means organization at someone else's expense. The constant efforts required to keep your group, your cause, your grievance in the public's and the government's eyes, inflames the resentments of other groups. A year of Martin Luther King Days would not be enough to counteract the particularist passions, so contrary to King's rhetoric, which arise. David Dinkins and Sonny Carson are more than two kinds of politician, fortuitously thrown together. They are parts—one mild-mannered Superego, one raw Id—of the political and psychological system.

What do New Yorkers do? More and more, they leave. Or people don't come in the first place, the opportunities that should have drawn them having finally moved elsewhere. New Yorkers and New York businesses flee to the Sunbelt. Sometimes, they flee only as far as Stamford, Connecticut, or Secaucus, New Jersey—former nowheres that have become humming corporate centers at New York City's expense. With every year, the deities hovering over Grand Central become more of a commemoration of the glory of commerce than a monument to it.

But escape isn't so easy. Enlightened reform is everywhere. The *New York Times* Sunday Magazine recently ran a profile, by an exiled urbanite, of Schuylerville, New York, a small town far up the Hudson River. That part of upstate New York—where my parents came from, and where aunts and cousins of mine still live—has been economically depressed for decades, so it wasn't surprising that the *Times*'s anthropologist found poverty there. But he also found the marks of spiritual poverty that we associate with the urban underclass: vanished fathers; unwed mothers, with more children on the way; the welfare caste.

There are no arcadias, and New York is not some uniquely sinful Sodom. America can't escape its problems by flight. We need new thoughts, and new commitments. □

AMERICAN SUCCESS STORIES

TAKING MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS

SUSAN MANDEL

As soon as several of the inhabitants of the United States have taken up an opinion or a feeling which they wish to promote in the world, they look out for mutual assistance; and as soon as they have found each other out, they combine. From that moment they are no longer isolated men, but a power seen from afar, whose actions serve for an example, and whose language is listened to.

—Alexis de Tocqueville
Democracy in America

TWO CIVIL-RIGHTS groups in Detroit, inner-city residents in Philadelphia, homeless men in Denver, church members in Chicago, former welfare mothers in Washington state, and prison inmates in Tennessee: each of these groups came together with a different goal in mind but they are all part of the same larger movement, the self-help movement. Through it, ordinary citizens across the nation are accomplishing on their own what various levels of government haven't been able to despite years and billions of tax dollars of trying.

■ Focus Hope, a Detroit-area civil-rights organization, operates one of the few programs in the country targeted at helping black men emerge from the underclass. Focus Hope's Machinists Training Institute began in 1981, when a local machine-tool company donated a nearby complex it was closing down. Since then the school has placed seven hundred people in auto-industry jobs. After a few years, machinists can earn $40,000 a year with overtime, a substantial amount of money especially considering that MTI trainees have been out of work an average of three years before they enroll in the eight-month course. The school boasts a 96 per cent placement rate.

Seeing that only one out of every eighty applicants for the MTI program meets the minimum entrance requirements—tenth-grade math and a ninth-grade reading level—Focus Hope began a preparatory course to help people get into the institute. While the job training is largely government-funded, the prep course is paid for entirely with private donations. The group's next project is intended to take MTI graduates to the forefront of technology. The Center for

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Advanced Technology will be the first in the country training people to work with the next generation of manufacturing equipment, computer-programmed flexible machinery. Focus Hope was the only organization of any kind (not just the only organization helping the underprivileged) to qualify for the government-sponsored demonstration project, considered critical not only to U.S. manufacturing, but, according to the Defense Department, to our national security as well.

Focus Hope is also developing minority-owned businesses specializing in the manufacture of auto parts, which they sell to the major car makers. One company, High Quality Manufacturing, staffed by former third-generation welfare mothers, recently received Ford Motor Company's highest quality rating and expects to receive $4 million in business this year.

■ Parents against Drugs was organized three years ago by three women who grew up in a neighborhood that is now one of the worst parts of Philadelphia. Drug dealers were terrorizing the community, firebombing homes and killing children. In reaction, residents began holding prayer vigils and rallies outside of crack houses, bringing along crews from the local TV stations. At first, many of the protestors came from other parts of Philadelphia, because people living in the immediate area were too intimidated. But their fear didn't last long. Residents soon began conducting their own raids on drug houses, running addicts out of the neighborhood. "People jumped out windows and out back doors," says PAD president Frances Walker.

Once they got rid of the crack houses, Parents against Drugs decided to do more, namely create an alternative to the drug culture for local kids, many of them the children of single welfare mothers themselves addicted to drugs. Neighborhood volunteers now run a youth center near two housing projects where kids can come after school for tutoring and to learn martial arts, chess, soccer, golf, and photography, hobbies inner-city children don't usually get to pursue. Center volunteers discuss the children's report cards with them and meet their teachers, the kind of personal involvement that is critical for kids like six-year-old Abdul Mohammed, whose mother is addicted to crack. Without it, he would almost certainly have never scored 100 per cent on the recent city-wide tests in English, math, and science, and 95 in social studies.

■ While other organizations are offering free food and shelter, Step 13 in Denver, begun by four homeless men, is the only one aimed at helping homeless people get back on their feet. Ninety-five per cent of the men who enter Step 13, located in the middle of skid row, are hard-core alcoholics whom other shelters and alcohol-treatment programs refuse to deal with any more. In order to stay there, residents have to give up drinking, submit to regular urine tests, and work or go to school full-time. The men are put on Antabuse, a drug that makes you sick if you drink alcohol, and are given odd jobs at $4 an hour. They have to prove themselves before the shelter will help them find work at nearby companies, with pay ranging from $7.50 to $14 an hour. Residents pay Step 13 $120 a month and do all their own cooking and cleaning. The rest of the money needed to keep the shelter going comes from private donations. Step 13 doesn't accept public funds, explains program director Bob Cote, a former alcoholic: "I'd have to have three psychiatrists and ten therapists to tell me why these people are homeless. I know why. The problem is alcohol."

Another advantage of private funding is that residents can stay as long as it takes them to become self-sufficient. The average stay at Step 13 is one year. Other shelters force people out after a certain limited number of days. A recent University of Colorado study found that 35 per cent of the men in Step 13 succeed in turning their lives around. Mr. Cote says there are currently forty men ready to leave the shelter. "They have cars, steady jobs, and money in the bank." If they are lucky, they will end up like Jack Williams, who just two years after leaving Step 13 runs his own business, and who recently purchased his own home.

■ Homes for Black Children began in Detroit in 1969 at a time when traditional adoption agencies were saying, "Blacks aren't interested in adoption." At the time, black orphans were being raised as wards of the state, shuffled from one foster home to another until they reached majority. Even foster care was difficult to find, so case workers simply began refusing to accept black children. (To this day, foster care remains the largest single public child-welfare expenditure, costing over $2 billion a year.)

But Sidney Duncan, a women with no previous experience in the adoption field, knew that many black families were eager to adopt, and as president of Homes for Black Children she proved it, finding permanent homes for over eight hundred children. Today, over one hundred families are waiting to adopt black children. "We have from the very beginning always had families interested in adoption," says Mrs. Duncan. "The system of informal adoption has a long history in the black community. White child-welfare workers were not aware of that." One reason for the group's success: it does not insist prospective parents meet specific income thresholds or other restrictive criteria that tended to weed blacks out of the system. Director Jacquelynn Moffett told one researcher, "What's important is not how much money they have, but how they live their lives." Once HBC showed them it was possible, the other adoption agencies began placing black children themselves.

■ In 1979, the members of Bethel Newlife, a small, poor black church in West Garfield Park, a blighted section of Chicago, decided that if they didn't do something about housing, their community would soon disappear. Donating $10 a week each, members raised the money to purchase their first abandoned building, which they turned into condominiums for low-income families.

Residents, most of whom are either on public assistance or making poverty-level incomes, earn the down payment to buy their units through sweat equity, doing some of the rehabilitation work or new construction themselves. Prospective owners are required to take turns standing guard at night to keep thieves from stealing the pipes, windows, refrigerators, and the like. "It's the first 'can do' experience for many people, and that gives people the courage to tackle other things," says Bethel Newlife's president, Mary Nelson. Moreover, she adds, once they become homeowners, people begin to care about what's going on in their neighborhood. So far Bethel Newlife has rehabilitated eighty co-ops and built 18 new houses; another 250 units are planned.

The church has expanded its mission to include job training, health care, and literacy, and it even runs four businesses. Its home-health-care service, cleaning franchise, and real-estate firm employ over three hundred people. The recycling center puts $15,000 a month in the hands of local residents for bringing in used aluminum, glass, and metal containers found strewn around the numerous vacant lots in the area. "We're trying to show that a community-owned and controlled social-services system is more effective and less costly than the government doing it," says Miss Nelson.

■ Carol Sasaki was an unwed mother on welfare struggling to finish four years of college in two years (before her benefits terminated), when she started HOME, Helping Ourselves Means Education. Mrs. Sasaki (she has since married) and other former welfare recipients enrolled at Washington State University began a support group wherein they tell women who are still on welfare how they broke out of dependency, something professional case workers generally didn't know. The women, all of them poor, in school, and mothers, donated $10 a month to finance the organization, which still relies entirely on private funds.

Today, after eight years, Mrs. Sasaki, whom welfare workers strongly discouraged from pursuing her education on the grounds that she wasn't "college material," is working on a PhD in international studies. And the HOME network has reached 150,000 people in all fifty states. Aside from publishing a newsletter and running workshops to teach welfare recipients and social-service workers the paths off the welfare rolls, the group puts people with problems in touch with others who have overcome similar problems. The first thing a good mentor tells his friend, according to the HOME philosophy, is: "Don't depend on anyone but yourself."

■ At the Morgan County Correctional Facility in eastern Tennessee, nearly burnt to the ground five years ago during state-wide prison rioting, inmates are working to improve prison life, reduce recidivism, and help disadvantaged people in the local community of Wartburg. The prisoners have started a literacy program in which each person who learns to read teaches another to, a support group for men studying for their high-school and college diplomas, a newspaper, and a "lifers' club" devoted to doing good works in the community. Inmates also counsel juvenile delinquents in an effort to discourage the youngsters from following in their footsteps.

Their activities "have brought about a change in the attitude of prisoners in the whole complex," says Jerry Carpenter, the moving force behind a lot of the changes at Morgan County. "It's made us feel like we're contributing something and given us hope." Mr. Carpenter, 27, is studying for his bachelor's while serving a life sentence for first-degree murder.

Look to Your Neighbors

I'VE DISCUSSED seven programs of the many I found in a few weeks' research, seven of the best. It's not difficult to find programs; the difficulty is finding people who can explain why their program works. One is Bob Boulter of Jubilee Housing in Washington, D.C.: "When people come in from a different life experience and say, 'These are things you should be doing,' it doesn't carry a lot of weight. But if people can look to their neighbors, people . . . [who] have taken steps in this direction of increased responsibility, they see these people as role models and suddenly there's the tendency to have the courage to change and the belief that it's possible. Because they see people very much like them have suceeded." ☐

THE WELFARE-STATE MENTALITY

KEEPING THEM ON THE PLANTATION

TOM BETHELL

IN TRYING to think of new ways to approach some of the country's problems, one of the main obstacles is habit. It is deeply engrained in almost all of us to believe that if people are to be helped, "the government" must "do more." Not that *people* must do more to help people. An abstract thing called "the government" must do it instead. (Then we don't have to think about doing something ourselves. Someone else—some *thing* else—is taking care of it for us.) There is a temptation for us all, politicians, journalists, and citizens, conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats, to be locked into this way of thinking. Nonetheless, we must make an effort to escape from it. If we are to succeed in finding solutions that work, we

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must first of all recover the perspective of common sense. And we must be willing to discard the approaches that have been tried and failed.

Common sense suggests that, if people need to be helped, perhaps people rather than bureaucracies should be encouraged to help them. But such people-to-people help, without the intervention of bureaucracies, is today frequently illegal. Consider the case of public-housing projects, often little more than crime-ridden slums. Until recently the people who lived in them were not allowed to initiate needed reforms. The Housing and Community Development Act of 1987 now permits the formation of resident management corporations, so that the people who live in these dangerous places may take some degree of control over their lives.

Unfortunately, further changes in the law are needed. Dick Armey, a Republican congressman from Texas, points out that, at the moment, the resident management corporations that do exist are bound by union contracts entered into by the public-housing authorities. Public-housing tenants, Armey says, should be permitted to fix up their own apartments, "to put their own sweat equity into their own homes, just as you and I do. Most of us could not afford to own our homes if we couldn't go in and fix our own leaky faucets or replace light switches." When housing is privately owned, he said, "owners become part electrician, part plumber, part painter." But in the case of public-housing tenants, the law says that union labor must do the job.

This provision was put into the law by Congressman Bruce Morrison of Connecticut (now running for governor of that state), and it is interesting to go back over what happened on the floor of the House of Representatives when Mr. Armey tried to remove the provision. Morrison argued that public-housing tenants should not have "any new rights or restrictions" imposed on them. He admitted in open debate that he wanted to deny these people "new rights."

Congressman Jim Kolbe of Arizona replied, "These restrictions are going to prohibit resident management corporations from hiring low-income, hardcore unemployed inner-city residents [to] perform on-site maintenance in their own housing projects." He added that this was "anti-poor" and "anti-minority."

Congressman Bruce Vento of Minnesota then chimed in on Morrison's side, with this revealing argument: "We have plumbing problems. We have electrical problems. We have carpentry problems that need to be addressed. Are the tenants that are living in assisted housing, are they the skilled mechanics that can take on these tasks of doing the electrical rewiring of a multi-complex housing unit? Are they the glaziers that will hang out there and put a piece of glass into a window? I think on its face it is obvious that they cannot do that."

Protect Them from Themselves

PUT MORE bluntly, Bruce Vento was saying that the poor are really not capable of helping themselves. And therefore (notice this) they should not be permitted even to try. The unions will do the work for them. Liberal politicians often claim to be acting in the name of "compassion." But what is compassionate about this attitude? "Condescending" would be a better word for it. Is it not clear that what Morrison and Vento are doing is putting the interests of the poor in whose name they act beneath those of organized labor?

Furthermore, as we know, a high percentage of public-housing residents happen to be black. But what was the reaction of the Black Congressional Caucus when the motion to overturn the Morrison provision came to a vote on the floor? A deputation of black public-housing residents actually showed up on the steps of the House of Representatives and urged Caucus members to vote against Morrison. Congressman Ron Dellums of California seemed to be sympathetic at first, but inside the building the trade-union lobbyists surrounded him and presented their case. Along with most of the Black Caucus (including Representatives Conyers, Crockett, Dixon, Dymally, Savage, and Stokes), Mr. Dellums voted with labor rather than with the low-income blacks. And so the Morrison provision remains the law today.

We should always be suspicious of the rhetoric of "helping the poor." The truth is, those who support a bureaucratic welfare state have a lot invested in keeping poor blacks together in housing projects, and keeping them dependent on the welfare state. Among other things, bunching them together makes it easier to bus them to the polls on election day. For this reason Kimi Gray, the chairman of the Resident Management Corporation of Kenilworth–Parkside, a 464-unit public-housing project in Washington, D.C., has called these projects "the new plantations."

Kimi Gray, along with Bertha Gilkey of St. Louis, Mildred Bailey of Boston, and Irene Johnson of Chicago, has been one of the best-known leaders of the tenant management movement, consisting of public-housing tenants who decided that they had the right to take control of their lives, and who found, when they got together, that they had the political clout to do something about it. The law has already been changed so as to permit some residents to buy the public-housing units they live in. Jack Kemp, President Bush's Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, has been a staunch ally. Others have not been so enthusiastic, however. "This romantic notion of home-ownership is a cruel hoax on the poor," said Bob McKay, executive director of the Council of Large Public Housing Authorities.

"Interesting, isn't it?" says Kemp, speaking in his office on the tenth floor of the HUD building in Washington. "They say it's a 'cruel hoax on the poor.' And you know why? Because it takes power away from the public-housing authorities and puts it where it belongs—among the residents themselves." Kemp adds that the philosophy of many welfare-state supporters was something like this: "'These people are perpetually poor.' They believe in the perpetuity of the condition. . . . Whereas we believe that there are ways to release their deeply embedded, hidden talents."

The irony was not lost on David Osborne, a journalist who wrote a long article on Kimi Gray for the *Washington Post*. "Empowerment of poor people was a theme close to the heart of the New Left, carried forward into populist citizens' organizations with fanciful acronyms: ACORN, COPS, BUILD," he wrote. "But in Washington, conservatives like Jack Kemp and Stuart Butler, director of domestic policy studies at the Heritage Foundation, led the charge for tenant management and ownership—and they convinced Ronald Reagan and George Bush to come along. Low-income housing activists have supported tenant management for two decades. But when Reagan and then Kemp picked up the cause—and added the wrinkle of selling public housing to its tenants—red flags went up throughout the liberal community."

A Long Way to Go

DESPITE the tenant management movement and some changes in the law, there are still problems that need to be overcome. For each unit of public housing sold to a resident management corporation, a replacement unit must be provided. This year Congressman Armey is co-sponsoring, with Delegate Walter Fauntroy of Washington, D.C., the 1990 Urban Homestead Act, which will permit the use of housing vouchers to meet the replacement requirement.

In other words, if a five-hundred-unit public-housing project is sold to its tenants, the local housing authority would not have to build or renovate five hundred more units, but would be permitted to issue five hundred vouchers, which can then be used by low-income people to defray the cost of housing in the private sector.

According to a minority staffer on the House Subcommittee on Housing and Community Development, the congressman most adamantly opposed to this measure is Henry Gonzalez of Texas, the chairman of the committee, who believes that each unit sold must be replaced by a "hard" unit (a physical structure). In other words, tenants are permitted to improve their lot only if the domain of public-housing authorities is first protected. Mr. Fauntroy, although a co-sponsor of the legislation, was not enthusaistic about voucher replacement when I asked him about it. "That is something that Mr. Armey wanted," he said. "I am not sure that it can stand up to the scrutiny of the committee."

In short, the powerful congressmen who are the late-twentieth-century equivalent of the plantation owners of the early nineteenth century are not ready yet to give up their holdings and their dependents. We still have quite a struggle ahead of us to achieve the emancipation of those currently on welfare.

There are striking similarities between the struggle to permit the use of vouchers to grant low-income people choice in housing, and the parallel struggle to permit the use of vouchers to grant the same people choice in education. Here it is Annette Polly Williams, a state representative in Wisconsin, who has most conspicuously been fighting the good fight recently. In March of this year she persuaded the Wisconsin legislature to pass the nation's first experiment in school vouchers. Under the Williams proposal, which the Republican governor, Tommy Thompson, has signed into law, about one thousand low-income students will be allowed to attend private, non-sectarian schools in the area next year. To qualify, a family of four can earn no more than $12,000 a year. The state will pay up to $2,500 in tuition for each student, and (here is the unexpected part) subtract the money from the public school system's budget.

Polly Williams told the *Wall Street Journal*'s editors that parents and their children will now finally have the leverage of competition to force change in the public schools. "They waste $5,000 a year per student, and all they do is treat low-income people like pawns in some game," she added. "Parents deserve a better choice on where they can send their tax money."

For years, the residents of the inner-city Milwaukee district Polly Williams represents had tried to find a way to let their children attend schools other than the local public school system, which they consider beyond repair. Addressing a meeting of the Milwaukee chapter of Black and White Men Together in February, Mrs. Williams said that there were good teachers in the Milwaukee school system but "they are hampered by bureaucracy." The system was "bankrupt," she said.

Mrs. Williams is a former welfare recipient who raised four children on her own. Then she went back to college and was elected to the state assembly in 1980. In 1984 and 1988 she was state chairman of Jesse Jackson's presidential campaigns. She points out that, in the course of her struggle to win acceptance for vouchers, many of her fellow liberals put the interests of the education lobby above that of inner-city children. White, liberal Democrats refused to join Republicans and black Democrats. "They say they're liberal, but when it comes to empowering black people, they stab us in the back," she told the *Journal*.

Rethinking the Labels

THE FACT that this system is now defended by people called "liberal" and criticized by people called "conservative" should tell us that the old labels are merely confusing and that we should be thinking from basic principles rather than preconceptions.

The irony earlier noted by the *Washington Post* journalist who wrote about Kimi Gray was also recognized by the (black) editor of the *Milwaukee Community Journal*, Mikel Holt. Holt compared opponents of choice to "missionaries," whose "ideology" (he said) was as follows: "Control people of color with a smile, keep them impoverished, enslaved by welfare programs (which are run by other missionaries), and unwilling or unable to make a decision without our approval."

Strong stuff. Such thoughts are potentially subversive of the current system. Of course, the supporters of the current system don't think of themselves as encouraging dependency and the control of others. They really think that they are doing good for those people who are in their charge. But then the old plantation owners thought so too, and they too thought that the slaves wouldn't be able to survive without them. □

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

FIRST, CHANGE YOUR ASSUMPTIONS

WILLIAM McGURN

THE SPEAKER was a young Pole connected with Solidarity. He and his associate were on an official visit to the U.S. to drum up interest among American investors, as well as to learn how things were done in a free society. "We have inherited a government that has managed every aspect of Polish life for the past four decades," he said. "We want to know how to go about tearing that structure down and replacing it with one where people do these things for themselves."

Funny, I thought, that's what we want to learn from you.

Not that we haven't had our successes. Only a decade ago this country suffered from double-digit inflation, soaring interest rates, and rising unemployment. Abroad, American citizens were held by Islamic militants in Iran, a newly Marxist Nicaragua was exporting its revolution throughout Central America, and the Soviet Union felt secure enough to invade Afghanistan. It was a time when academics were publishing books on American malaise and President Carter was talking about limits to growth and the need to lower expectations. Whatever the Reagan Administration's shortcomings—and shortcomings there were—it was Reagan's tax cuts that launched the largest U.S. peacetime economic expansion ever, and his determination to challenge Soviet imperial ambitions that set in motion the democratic changes now sweeping Central and Eastern Europe.

On these major fronts the vision that put Ronald Reagan into the Oval Office has been vindicated. Yet his revolution is only half complete. For any parent who has ever come up against a public school system that is spending ever more of his tax dollars while test scores drop, for any young family that can't afford to buy a home because rent control has destroyed the stock of available housing, even for anyone who has had to waste four or five hours of a workday to stand in line at the Department of Motor Vehicles, daily life is an unpleasant reminder that at all levels, government remains as unresponsive as ever.

The Same Old Answer

FOR ONE GROUP of people, the same group of people who set us down this disastrous path, the answer is always just another few million dollars or another government program. Another group of people, which includes the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, has long warned against the debilitating effects of expanding bureaucracy. For most of the postwar era, these people expounded these views in conscious opposition to the dominant trends in and out of Washington. It is to these people that a resurgent America looks today.

"In the Eighties, conservatives successfully popularized conservative principles as principles," says the president of the Heritage Foundation, Edwin Feulner. "In the Nineties our goal must be to translate these principles into policy."

William Kristol, chief of staff for Vice President Dan Quayle, argues similarly that the time has come for the Reagan Revolution to move into its next stage. "We need to move from opposition to governing."

This is a key point, because the status quo is not neutral: it is decidedly biased against initiative, the free market, and the basic values of normal Americans. Indeed, the dramatic shift of services from the private to the public sector over the past four decades has spawned vast bureaucracies that soak up every available tax dollar while at the same time jealously fending off any potential challenge to their monopolies. From 1948 to 1989, GNP rose 2,078 per cent, but federal outlays rose 3,834 per cent—from 12 per cent of GNP to 22.2 per cent. That's on top of an even more dramatic increase in city and state spending.

Meanwhile, the Postal Service, to name but one, continues to decline, while the far more efficient private carriers such as UPS and Federal Express are confined by law to a fraction of their potential markets. Among the poor, programs such as Aid to Families with Dependent Children, far from shoring up the family, have brought about an unprecedented boom in teenage pregnancies and unwed mothers, something William F. Buckley Jr. attributes to "policies fueled by a combination of moral liberalism and state compassion." Although the idea that the government is the best provider has now been discredited from Budapest to Bedford-Stuyvesant, we have grown accustomed to turning for solutions to Congress, to our state legislature, to City Hall.

But it's not enough to know what to do. Just as important is knowing *how*. For in many ways the process will determine the outcome.

"I'd take a 10 per cent shift in spending to vouchers over a 10 per cent cut in the education budget any day," says the president of Americans for Tax Reform, Grover Norquist. "The reason is that if you just cut spending a little, you leave the structure intact. But introducing vouchers sows the seeds of the bureaucracy's destruction by taking crucial decisions out of its hands and putting them into the hands of parents."

Respecting the Differences

THE TASK is all the more difficult because conservatives have no easy catechism of specific answers; as a movement of principles it recognizes that there are different solutions to different situations, that what works in rural Missouri might not be right for Los Angeles. At the heart of this understanding is nothing more than the common-sense idea that human affairs are best ordered from the lower levels of authority up. By and large we all agree on the goals—a cleaner environment, a better education system, affordable housing—but disagree on the means.

Mr. McGurn is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s Washington Bureau Chief.*

Worse still, for most of the postwar era commitment to these goals has been measured solely in terms of the tax dollars allocated to them.

The New Paradigm

CHANGING this kind of thinking is the top priority for this White House. Richard Darman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, spent most of his high-profile 1991 budget statement highlighting President Bush's efforts to encourage the states to find new approaches to social problems. In the White House office of domestic policy, Jim Pinkerton calls the Bush approach the New Paradigm. This is a fancy phrase for a plain truth: that until you change your assumptions, you will not come up with new solutions. It's an expression adapted from Thomas S. Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolution*, which argued that even when they recognize that their model, or paradigm, has shortcomings, people will not abandon it until they have been presented with a new paradigm that explains things better. The five main principles of the New Paradigm are as follows:

—First, governments must take market forces into account in crafting policy; the capital-gains proposals, for example, recognize that almost none of America's major international competitors are burdened with a capital-gains tax.

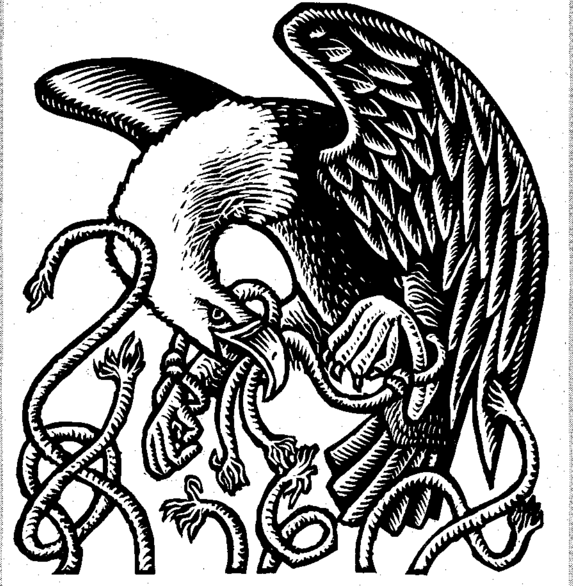
—Second, public policy ought to be directed at creating choice for the individuals it is supposed to benefit—as with education vouchers, for example.

—Third, public policy should work to empower beneficiaries by letting them make their own decisions. In the latest child-care fight, champions of the New Paradigm fought hard for tax credits that would empower parents, not bureaucrats, to select the best form of child care for their kids.

—Fourth, we need decentralization. Authority should be at the lowest level possible, so that decision makers have first-hand experience of the situation, and can be held accountable. Those making crucial decisions should be close enough to feel the heat when they make the wrong one.

—Last, success or failure must be measured by actual performance rather than by the size of the program or the amount of tax money spent. The conspicuous failure of our public schools over the last two decades is the obvious example.

All these principles might seem little more than common sense, but they also imply certain values, values in direct opposition to those that undergird existing policy. The bureaucrats and special interests recognize this all too clearly, which is why they are fighting a rearguard action; how else to explain the opposition by the National Education Association to vouchers for child care except out of fear that they might prove successful enough to be applied to education?



"The decisive moment for me came when I realized that we can't do the New Paradigm from Washington," says the House Minority Whip, Newt Gingrich. "The New Paradigm will come up over the next decade when we liberate the creative potential of 260 million Americans. There are no answers in Washington. The most we can do here is to define a vague general direction and then get out of the way."

President Bush made much the same point in September in an address to the annual World Bank/IMF meeting when he cited the Peruvian economist Hernando de Soto. De Soto is the author of *The Other Path*, a book that chronicles an underground economy that provides housing, transportation, and education for thousands of Peruvians who are shut out of the state monopolies. "By walking the streets of Lima, not analyzing official statistics," said President Bush, "he found that the poor of Latin America—who never read Jefferson or Adam Smith—ran their affairs democratically, outside the formal economy, organizing their private, parallel economy in a free and unregulated manner." Yet they are invisible to economic planners because they are outside the official, state-dominated economy.

That problem is not as acute in the United States because we have much more freedom, but it exists. Every time you buy something out of state to avoid sales tax, pay cash for a service so that it doesn't have to be reported, or handle car repairs under the table rather than report them to the insurance company, you are in effect acknowledging that the official system is either too expensive or too inefficient. The way to rejuvenate America is not to continue to drive these activities underground but to bring them out in the open. The way to do that is through empowerment and accountability: the former, by restoring control over their own destinies to those we hope to help; the latter, by giving them leverage over the bureaucracies, in much the same way that, say, Sears has to respond to its customers or face going out of business.

Freedom Works

IN HIS inaugural address George Bush put it bluntly: "Freedom works." Unfortunately, the President and the American people labor under a system that in many way discourages freedom from working by thwarting opportunity, punishing initiative, and brushing aside deeply cherished values. On the big issues—defense, federal taxes, etc.—those championing freedom have carried the day. But on the no less important day-to-day issues of crime, education, housing, and so on, the old ways of thinking still dominate.

"When you're out on a boat in the middle of a typhoon," says Grover Norquist, "you don't have time to worry about the little leaks. In the last ten years we managed to sail through the typhoon in good shape, but now it's time to fix the leaks and put up the rest of the sails." □

THE JOB OF ACTIVE CITIZENSHIP

NEWT GINGRICH

THE GREATEST single challenge facing the new citizens' activist movement—which is really a citizens' opportunities movement—is the re-establishment of involved citizenship as everyday behavior. An exciting, prosperous America can be created by the end of the 1990s only if individual Americans are willing to invest the time, energy, and courage needed to rethink and rebuild their own country.

No government bureaucracy will win the war on drugs, or nurture a generation of educated, hard-working citizens in the inner city. Only an outpouring of civic energy and commitment can bring about that level of change in individuals, families, and communities.

No bureaucracy can move quickly enough to take advantage of the revolution in biotechnology. Only millions of engaged citizens can develop the new approaches that will combine better preventive medicine, home-based services, and user-friendly technologies in order to bring about a comparable revolution in cost and availability of health care.

Finally, no bureaucracy will create the caring, humanitarian, commonsense system that must replace the bureaucratic welfare state. Only individual Americans, working through voluntary associations and local government, can generate the ideas and experiments needed to invent the America that can be.

This vision of a citizens' movement providing a new model of energetic, committed civic activity is nothing new for Americans. The Committees of Correspondence during the Revolution were a citizens' movement. The Federalists were a loose citizens' organization dedicated to replacing the Articles of Confederation with a more effective government.

The American as Activist

IN EARLY America, our greatest civic enthusiast was Benjamin Franklin. In a way, he is the model of the American as creative activist. Franklin published a newspaper, wrote the most famous Almanac of his day, organized a businessmen's civic group, and founded a public library, a volunteer fire department, the American Philosophical Society, and a small college which became the University of Pennsylvania. As a private citizen, he proposed plans to pave, clean, and light streets and to protect them with a nightwatch.

Benjamin Franklin personified honest hard work. He would have understood thoroughly the essence of the new reform movement's message: Applying common sense focused on opportunities and success will lead to a more prosperous America.

While Franklin was the most inventive, most creative, and most active citizen of his era, he typified an attitude shared by ordinary Americans. When Americans saw a need, they filled it first and called on government later, or not at all.

Active citizenship is fundamental to American life, as Alexis de Tocqueville explained over 150 years ago in *Democracy in America*. According to the Frenchman who first predicted America's rise to world leadership, the genius of America lay not in its government but in its free associations—churches, neighborhoods, and voluntary local activities. "A government could take the place of some of the largest associations in America," he wrote. "But what political power could ever carry on the vast multitude of lesser undertakings which associations daily enable American citizens to control?" That's President Bush's "thousand points of light," circa 1840.

But Tocqueville also foresaw the temptation, and the pitfalls, of a bureaucratic state: "A government, by itself, is equally incapable of refreshing the circulation of feelings and ideas among a great people, as it is of controlling every industrial undertaking. Once it leaves the sphere of politics to launch out on this new track, it will, even without intending this, exercise an intolerable tyranny. For a government can only dictate precise rules. It imposes the sentiments and ideas which it favors, and it is never easy to tell the difference between its advice and its commands." Elsewhere, he writes: "The more government takes the place of associations, the more will individuals lose the idea of forming associations and need the government to come to their help. That is a vicious circle of cause and effect."

Isn't that what we've been doing? For a century we have been draining power away from local citizens' groups, local governments, and town-hall meetings, and shifting them to the state capitols and to Washington, D.C.

I first came truly to appreciate the disease of central bureaucratic control in 1981, when a school-board member in Douglas County, Georgia, told me she felt powerless. She felt that federal regulations, state regulations, and deals between the state legislature and the teachers' union meant that she and her school board had almost no impact on education.

Institutionalized Apathy

IF AN elected school-board member feels trapped and powerless, is there any wonder the average parent feels overwhelmed? When the bureaucracy picks textbooks, national commissions set graduation requirements, and state law establishes a tenure system that protects even the worst teachers, it is very reasonable for parents to conclude they have lost control. The American people are pretty smart. If they can't affect something, they tend to ignore it. But this institutionalized apathy lets the bureaucracy focus on its own values and its own convenience; it allows it to fail

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Mr. Gingrich is the congressman from the Sixth District of Georgia, and House Minority Whip.

by every reasonable standard, without provoking citizen outrage.

Once you start thinking that way, private initiative seems ridiculous. That's why many people initially treated President Bush's thousand points of light as a joke. It seemed incomprehensible to them that a public official was proposing private action as a major strategy.

Consider the silence when President Bush visited Walter Annenberg and raised $50 million for black colleges. If President Bush had proposed raising taxes to give $50 million to black colleges, the bureaucracy would have understood. But raising money without raising taxes only caused confusion: the new money did not appear in the federal budget and therefore was not worthy of comment.

The world is larger than government, and can be more dynamic than bureaucracy. Individual citizens can make a difference; entrepreneurial drive and creativity can establish new opportunities without and in some cases despite the bureaucratic welfare state.

What Can We Do?

WHAT THEN can the active citizen do to help create the opportunities every American should have by the end of the decade? I think there are ten specific steps we can take to help change our country. I suspect many of you will find more ways to be effective, and I hope you will write me (care of GOPAC, 440 First St., N.W., Suite 300, Washington, D.C. 20001) with your success stories and your approach to citizenship. However, here are my initial suggestions:

1. *Be inventive.* Dream big. America was created by dreamers and visionaries. Look around you, decide what you want to improve. Have the courage to go outside the current debate, with ideas new enough and big enough to create real opportunity.

2. *Learn by doing.* Real life is vastly more complicated than academic courses. Reading and studying can help, but the key is to learn by doing. Design your first project at a level to fit your resources and experience, but go ahead and start being a citizen doing civic things.

3. *Try, try, try again.* This was the key to Benjamin Franklin's life. It is the key to most entrepreneurs' success. (Colonel Sanders went bankrupt three times before he founded Kentucky Fried Chicken.) Hard work, cheerful persistence and a willingness to try new ideas are the keys to successful citizenship.

4. *Be noisy.* We live in an age of multiple communications channels. From the letters pages of newspapers and magazines, to local radio talk shows, to specialized newsletters and public-access cable channels, there is an explosion of opportunity for noisy citizens. You should jump right in and start writing and talking about your projects and your dreams. That will attract new resources and new energy to your efforts.

5. *Build a team.* America has always been a nation of joiners. Start an association, club, or project that others can join. If you want to recycle, start a local group. If you want to promote literacy, start a local teaching team. The possibilities are endless and, if you are noisy as Point 4 suggests, you won't lack for members.

6. *Find little successes.* Identify a specific goal, a person to be helped or a project that can be completed so that your activities have a first success. This will attract the news media, which will in turn help you attract other citizens.

7. *Be a demanding customer of government.* We get a bureaucratic welfare state because we tolerate it. We must learn to complain more loudly and more aggressively when we don't get the service we deserve.

8. *Support those who share your goals.* When you see others trying to create opportunities, encourage them. When you hear others complaining about the bureaucracy, reinforce them. When you see others engaged in a good fight, join them. If people know they are not fighting alone, they will dare more and take more risks.

9. *Vote and insist that everyone you know votes.* For too long we have tolerated the non-voter as an acceptable citizen. We can only dismantle the welfare state and combat permissive attitudes by insisting that voting is an obligation of citizenship. Freedom is frustrating, and working for a better America is difficult. Everything worth having is. The Founding Fathers believed in freedom so much that they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. We are only asking for a vote. Failure to vote is the equivalent of deserting the battle for self-government.

10. *If no one else will do it, run for office.* For too long, Americans have complained about government without taking steps to change it. If no one else who thinks as you do is prepared to run for Congress, state legislature, city council, school board, or whatever, then you have an obligation to do so. There is nothing dishonorable about losing. I ran for five years and lost twice before winning a congressional seat. It is better to try even if you fail than never to engage in self-government.

The Charisma of Courage

TWO EVENTS over the past year have dramatically toughened my attitude about citizenship. I had the opportunity to meet Lech Walesa and Vaclav Havel when they addressed joint sessions of Congress.

The founder of Solidarity in Poland and the president of Czechoslovakia are both relatively short men. Neither is charismatic in the movie-star sense. One is an electrician, the other a playwright. Neither thinks of himself as a professional politician. Their charisma is based on courage, commitment, and consistency of purpose.

As I listened to each explain his recent life I was ashamed of the low standard of citizenship we have come to accept. Walesa climbed the wall to go back into the Gdansk shipyard, knowing he risked imprisonment or even death. Havel was a political prisoner last October and was offered the presidency in December. Both men risked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for the cause of freedom.

Both Walesa and Havel thanked America for our commitment to freedom. Walesa started his speech to Congress with "We the People." The first three words of our Constitution are as precious in Warsaw as in Washington. Havel quoted from the Declaration of Independence and cited the Founding Fathers' willingness to spend their lives translating their words into deeds.

These men stand as an inspiration and a challenge to all Americans. We have held up the torch of freedom and changed Central Europe and the Soviet empire. Now we must hold up that torch in our own cities and towns. We must rally our country to create opportunities for our citizens. Only then can we reclaim the right to be "the last best hope of mankind."

So when a businessman tells you he can't get involved because he might offend a customer, remind him of Walesa climbing back over the wall. When a citizen tells you she doesn't have time to vote, remind her of Havel's time in prison. Americans must start acting like Americans again. ☐

RECOMMENDED READING

THE CURRENT MESS

The Road to Serfdom, by F. A. Hayek (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1944)

Modern Times, by Paul Johnson (New York: Harper & Row, 1983)

Losing Ground: American Social Policy, 1950–1980, by Charles A. Murray (New York: Basic Books, 1984)

Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality?, by Thomas Sowell (New York: William Morrow, 1984)

Enemies of Eros: How the Sexual Revolution Is Killing Family, Marriage, and Sex, and What We Can Do about It, by Maggie Gallagher (Chicago: Bonus Books, 1989)

Destructive Generation: Second Thoughts about the Sixties, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz (New York: Summit, 1989)

Our Country: The Shaping of America from Roosevelt to Reagan, by Michael Barone (New York: The Free Press, 1990)

The Tempting of America, by Robert H. Bork (New York: The Free Press, 1990)

BARRIERS TO REFORM

Honest Graft, by Brooks Jackson (New York: Knopf, 1988)

City for Sale, Jack Newfield and Wayne Barrett (New York: Harper & Row, 1989)

The Excluded Americans: Homelessness and Housing Policy, by William Tucker (Chicago: Regnery Gateway, 1990)

REFORM BASICS

The Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith (1776)

An American Renaissance, by Jack Kemp (New York: Harper & Row, 1979)

Wealth and Poverty, by George Gilder (New York: Basic Books, 1981)

The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism, by Michael Novak (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1982)

Thinking about Crime, by James Q. Wilson (New York: Basic Books, 1983)

New York Unbound: The City and the Politics of the Future, edited by Peter Salins (New York: Basil Blackwell, 1988)

The Other Path, by Hernando De Soto (New York: Harper & Row, 1989)

Microcosm: The Quantum Revolution in Economics and Technology, by George Gilder (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1989)

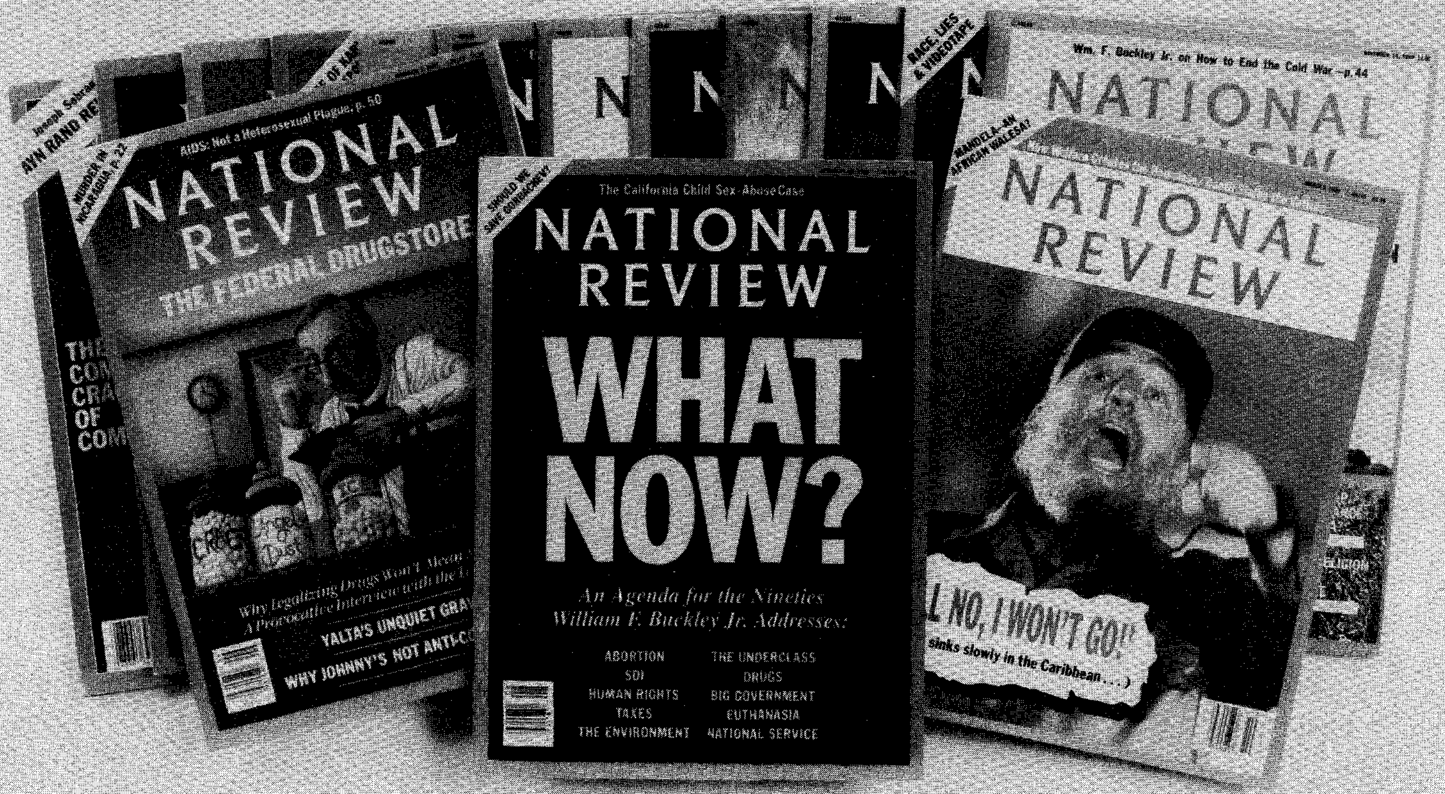
The Growth Experiment: How the New Tax Policy Is Transforming the U.S. Economy, by Lawrence B. Lindsey (New York: Basic Books, 1990)

CITIZENSHIP

The Federalist Papers, by Publius (Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay) (1787–89)

Democracy in America, by Alexis de Tocqueville (1835)

In Pursuit: Of Happiness and Good Government, by Charles A. Murray (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1988)


AYN RAND RE
AIDS: Not a Heterosexual Plague, p. 50
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social democrats, that would be the end of the game for Gorbachev and reform Communism.

The Bush pragmatists may argue that Gorbachev cannot be expected to commit political suicide by risking the backlash from the KGB/Army/Party diehards that might result from full-scale decolonization and the chaos of more democracy. Hence the kid-glove treatment and tacit acceptance of a bout of Gorbachevian repression. The trouble is that the people's blood is up. The KGB and the generals—but not, I would say, the bulk of the army—are pressing Gorbachev to slow down. They may even remove him and try a spell of quasi-martial rule. But, as the Polish Communists were eventually forced to admit, the only hope for the economy's revival is for the people—Russians, Lithuanians, and the rest—to be emancipated. That means real multi-party democracy—and the eventual fall of Gorbachev. While acknowledging his greatness as a transitional figure, Bush should not seek to postpone his eclipse, if that is what the Soviet people want. ☐

market capitalism. They forget that property rights and entrepreneurship had deep roots in old Russia: that medieval Novgorod was a major player in Baltic commerce as a member of the Hanseatic League, that Russia had one of the world's fastest industrialization rates before World War I. They need to reconnect with memories and symbols that have been suppressed for seven decades, such as the remarkable career of Pyotr Arkadievich Stolypin.

Solzhenitsyn thinks that the assassination of Prime Minister Stolypin in 1911 destroyed czarist Russia's last chance for prudent, practical reform. He argues that case in a seventy-page digression in *August 1914*, which offers today's Russians a manifesto for privatization.

Stolypin believed that peasants, not intellectuals or factory workers, were the key to Russia. He saw revolutionary socialism as a serious threat only as long as it appealed to the peasants' deep hunger for land and liberty. The way to remove the threat was to satisfy the hunger—not by confiscating estates from landlords but by turning peasants into landlords. Unlike most of the Russian Right, he understood that the existing system of land tenure was not too market-oriented, but already too collectivist.

The core of that system was an institution unique to Russia, the peasant commune. Unlike his counterpart in Western Europe, the typical Russian peasant could not bequeath his land to his children. It was not even "his" land to begin with, but the village's, to be redivided periodically. The individual farmer found it almost impossible to apply new methods to his scattered, narrow strips of land, and pointless to invest in their long-term improvement. Not surprisingly, yields per acre from such holdings were half those from farms in France or Germany.

The system was popular both among socialist intellectuals and among right-wing Slavophiles, who saw it as another example of Russia's mystical superiority to the individualistic West. But in fact the commune was a product of modern, not traditional Russia—a characteristic innovation of the bureaucratic state built by Peter the Great and his successors. It frustrated one of mankind's deepest longings, said Stolypin: "the desire for property . . . as natural as hunger, as the urge to continue one's kind."

Though fiercely opposed by both Right and Left, Stolypin's land reforms proved overwhelmingly popular with the peasants. Two million families applied for independence from their communes even before the new law took effect. Millions more took advantage of the prime minister's programs for homesteading in Siberia.

Stolypin's 1910 tour of the new Siberian settlements, says Solzhenitsyn, was the happiest experience of his life: ". . . he was privileged to see how his hard labor at his desk was reflected in the new life of a great people. . . . Russia was being built anew in this new place." The prime minister told his friends, "Another ten to 15 years and the revolutionaries won't have a chance."

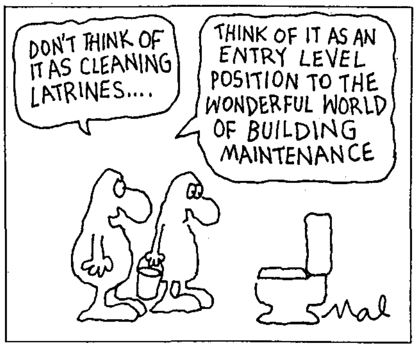
Nationalism has a dark side in every country. Some extremists in today's Russia want to harness Stolypin's memory for their own goals, such as the continued repression of minorities. (They ignore his efforts for Jewish emancipation.) Solzhenitsyn wants to rescue him for the cause of freedom. He recovers sayings of Stolypin that could be used today without the slightest change. "Equal shares in the land mean equal shares in ruin." "You cannot give strength to a sick body by feeding it lumps of flesh cut from itself."

EVEN IF Solzhenitsyn never returns to Russia in person, the return of his books will guarantee that his side of this debate will be heard. But if he does return, his homecoming will energize the moderate Russian Right in much the same way that Andrei Sakharov inspired the moderate Left. He will be a mass-media "star" in a culture that lionizes men of letters.

The closest preview to this homecoming was Solzhenitsyn's reception 15 years ago in another such culture: France. He may deserve more credit than anyone else for the collapse of French Marxism. His French biographer, Georges Nivat, recalls that "his unforgettable television appearances made him an intimate of the French public. He won us over with his ardor, his deftness, his knowing Gulag smile."

With Russia's future up for grabs, Americans should be thinking about what kind of regime we would like to see replace Lenin's. One possibility is a government somewhat like that of Konrad Adenauer in postwar West Germany; another is Scandinavian-style socialism. If George Bush prefers the former, he should at least invite Solzhenitsyn to the White House. If the latter, he should continue snubbing him as did Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, and Ronald Reagan. —LAWRENCE A. UZZELL

help!!!!


DON'T THINK OF IT AS CLEANING LATRINES....
THINK OF IT AS AN ENTRY LEVEL POSITION TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF BUILDING MAINTENANCE
Mal

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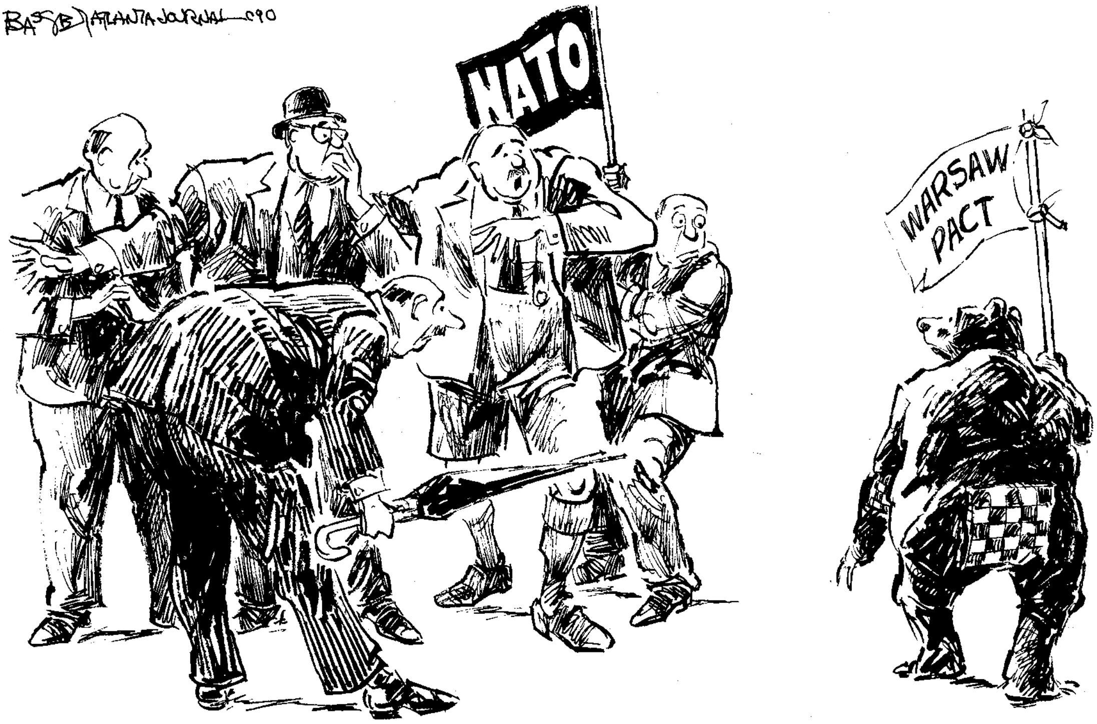
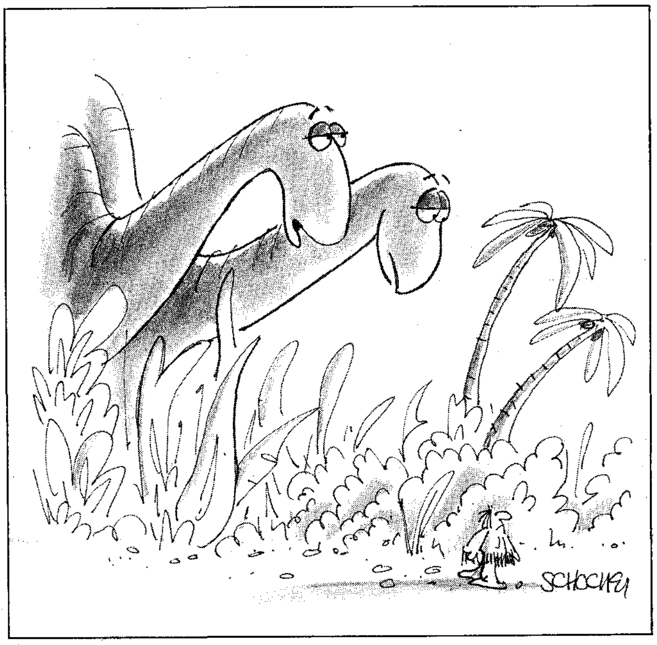

NATO
WARSAW PACT

"Good grief, Senator Nunn wants us Europeans to defend Europe against a Soviet attack."

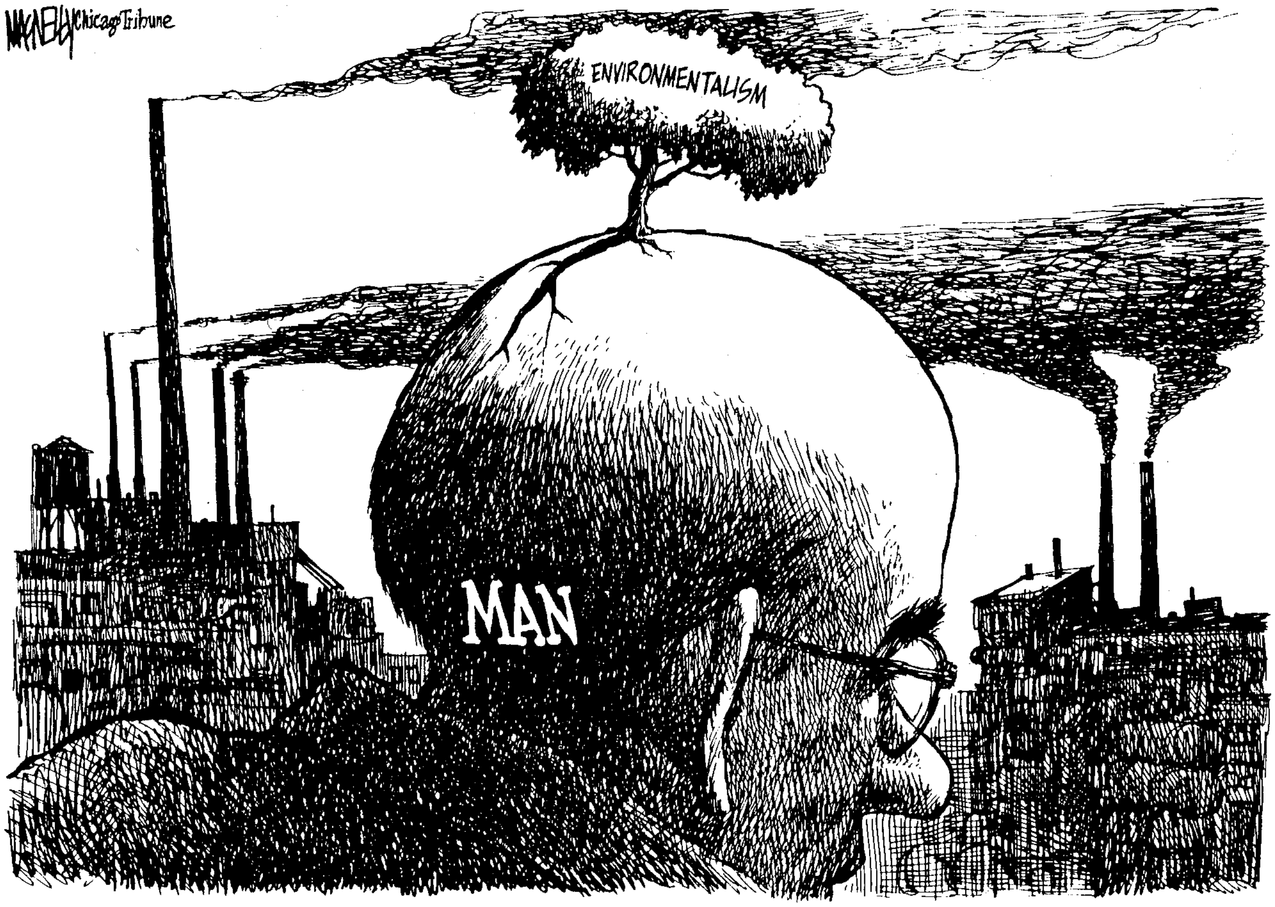
The Baltic Desk

They've hauled it up from Foggy Bottom
To the West Wing, where
The President can deal and shuffle
With an old hand's flair;
But watching Mr. Bush finessing,
Kibitzers still see
The Baltics looking like Miss Davis
In *Dark Victory*.

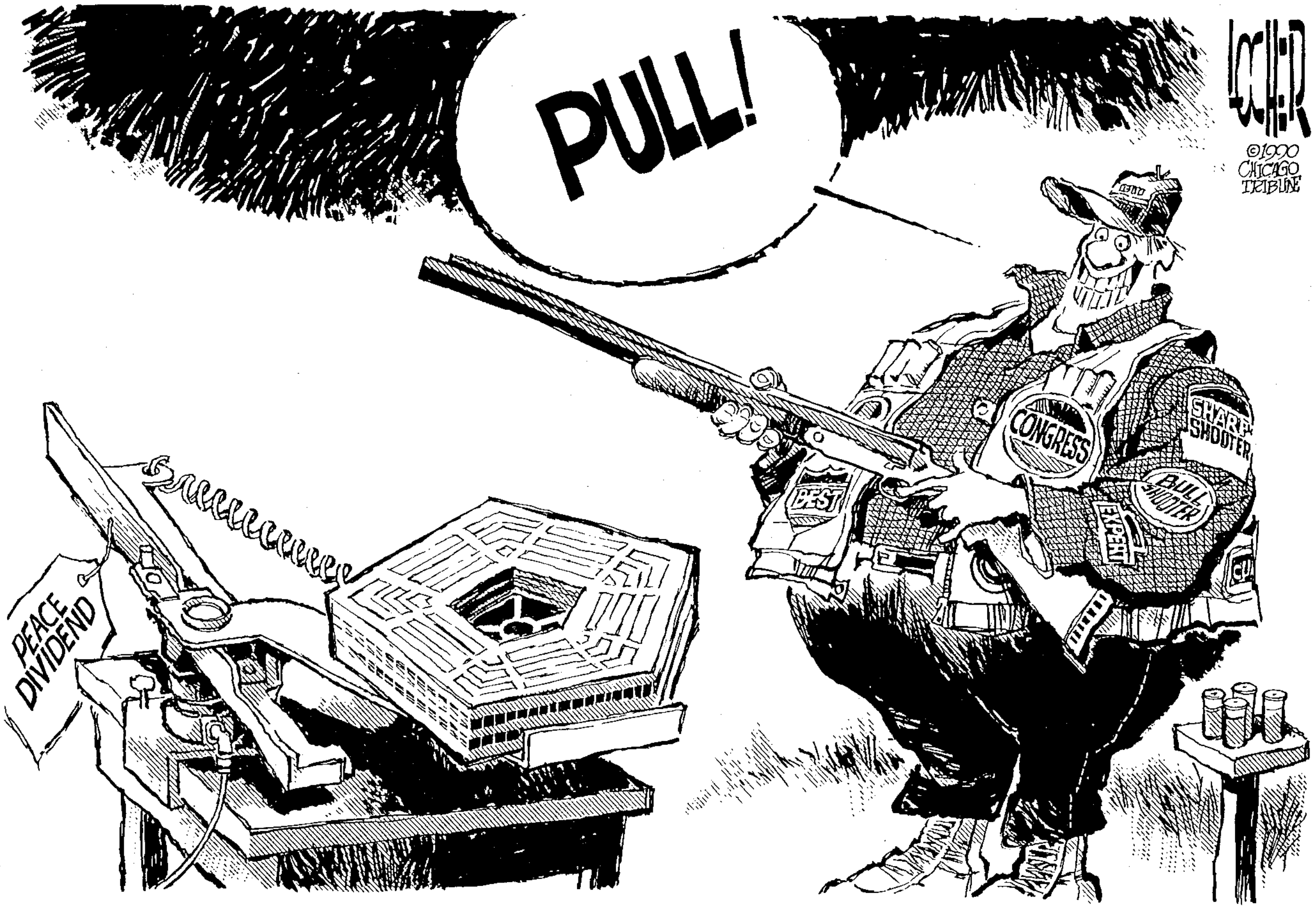
W. H. VON DREELE



"I keep stepping on them, but more keep on coming out."


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
ENVIRONMENTALISM
MAN

Earth Day 1990: A seedling takes root in a hostile environment.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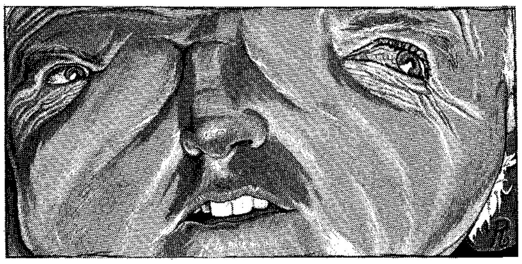
TED KENNEDY'S ROAD TO SERFDOM



If Senator Kennedy succeeds in his current Racial Justice and Civil Rights efforts, the result will be less justice, and fewer rights.

SUSAN MANDEL

WASHINGTON—When Senator Edward Kennedy went to Georgetown University in April to deliver a major address on the state of the Democratic Party, the auditorium was barely half full. Only two months earlier *Gentlemen's Quarterly* had published a piece on the senator detailing some of the juicier aspects of his rather public private life. Yet despite the scandals and the apparent lack of interest among the Democratic faithful, the senior senator from Massachusetts is probably more influential today than ever before. The *Wall Street Journal* recently ran a story under the telling headline: "Kennedy's Views Are Listened to Frequently and Seriously by Bush, Quayle, and Sununu."

As head of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, Senator Kennedy sets much of the Federal Government's domestic agenda. His huge staff constitutes a virtual Democratic White House in exile, and it has helped him get more initiatives enacted into law than the vast majority of his colleagues. Liberalism may be passé, but its crown prince is having all too much success in pushing America down the road to serfdom.

Indeed, American society will increasingly be organized along racial lines if Senator Kennedy has anything to say about it. His two big projects this year, the Civil Rights Bill of 1990 and the Racial Justice Act (incorporated into the Crime Bill), would make quotas the rule in the workplace and the execution chamber respectively. However, in the case of the Racial Justice Act, quotas are really just a ruse for overturning capital punishment, something neither the Supreme Court nor Congress has been willing to do.

After Math

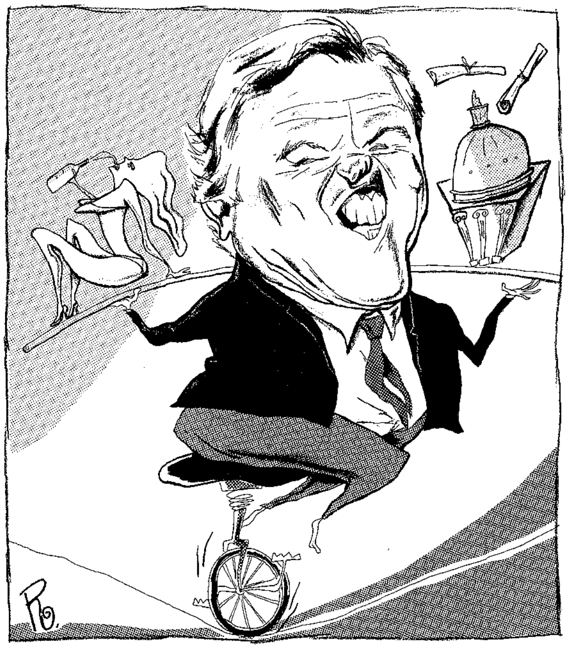
IT WORKS like this. The racial mix both of killers sentenced to death and of their victims would have to match perfectly the mix in the general population, a concept so fraught with legal difficulties that no one could be executed. This was the point made in a letter sent to senators in March by the attorneys general of 23 states.

The statistics "don't have anything to do with discrimination," says Georgia Deputy Attorney General William Hill, who is black. "Our criminal-justice system does not lend itself to mathematical predictability. If you could mathematically predict the outcome of a trial there'd be no reason to have trials." Justice Department figures, moreover, show that white murderers are about twice as likely as black ones to receive the death penalty. True, cases involving white victims are more likely to result in a death sentence. But, says Mr. Hill, that's because they tend to suffer on the one hand the most cold-blooded murders (for hire, for the insurance money), and on the other hand the most brutal murders (involving rape, sodomy, and mutilation).

With some 80 per cent of Americans in favor of the death penalty, the only political tactic left for opponents is to cloud the issue by raising the specter of racism. The Kennedy proposal is all the more disingenuous given that the Crime Bill, to which it is attached, purports to reinstate the federal death penalty, which the Racial Justice Act would render automatically unenforceable. "The only way Kennedy can win on this issue is by deception," says one congressional staffer.

The General Accounting Office helped with the deception with its report in February supporting the contention that the death penalty is being imposed in a racially discriminatory manner. Rather than do an original study as Congress had ordered it to, the GAO simply reviewed previous ones, half of which were over 15 years old (again contravening Congress's orders) and many of which had already been discredited; in some cases, the GAO actually misrepresented the findings. Who gave the GAO the OK simply to review the existing literature? Senator Kennedy's office.

If previous death-penalty votes are any indication, however, Republicans stand a good chance of stripping the Racial Justice Act from the Crime Bill when it comes to the Senate floor, sometime around May 20. Only 27 senators voted against the death penalty when the Senate considered a proposal to institute it for drug-related murders in the District of Columbia a few weeks ago. Still, they'll be somewhat more reluctant to go against a proposal that appears to redress racial discrimination.


Joe Rocco

What They Don't Say

IN ANY CASE, that battle will be a piece of cake compared to the one over Senator Kennedy's Civil Rights Bill, expected to come up for debate in early June. This proposal would overturn no fewer than 25 Supreme Court decisions. Here again, proponents of the legislation are careful to downplay its importance. They've billed the measure as merely reinstating statutes struck down in five 1989 Supreme Court decisions. But as former Justice Department lawyer Glen Nager testified before Congress, "the legislation is neither restorative nor curative; it is new and radical. It seeks to restructure our entire civil-rights scheme."

The bill would set current anti-discrimination law on its head. It would change the focus from providing equal opportunity for employment to absolutely requiring exact representation of minorities at every level of every organization employing over 15 people. It would shift onto employers the burden of proving their innocence once accused and would set a standard of proof (the "business necessity" test) that would be impossible to meet. And it would entice plaintiffs to litigate by making them eligible for multimillion-dollar damage awards and making it so easy for them to win. They wouldn't even have to say that any specific discriminatory action had been taken against them. Statistical disparity would be enough. (Naturally, Congress itself would be exempt.)

The bill's principal author, the executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, Ralph Neas (a white Republican male), put something in it for everyone. The Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights under Law got language calling for proportional racial representation and the business-necessity standard. The Women's Legal Defense Fund was pleased with the big monetary awards. And the NAACP Legal Defense Fund was delighted to have the employer presumed guilty. Mr. Neas even remembered the lawyers, ensuring that they would get paid (by employers) even when plaintiffs didn't collect. (Senator Kennedy and Mr. Neas have worked together before, most notably spearheading the campaign against Robert Bork.)

The upshot is that the only way for employers to protect themselves from endless litigation would be to hire along strict racial quotas. Leading academics in industrial psychology concur. Even though their profession profits monetarily from increased government regulations, 35 top industrial-psychology professors sent senators a letter in March on the subject of the test that makes "business necessity" the only justification for job qualifications that contribute to racial imbalance. They called the test "a technically infeasible, subjective standard which the psychological profession and employers cannot meet or even define."

The bill poses a danger to education, too. The Los Angeles Unified School District sent senators a letter noting that the "completion of formal education requirements, although desirable, clearly is not 'essential for effective performance' for the vast majority of occupations. Thus formal educational requirements would be among the first casualties . . . The practice of considering those aspects that relate to exceptional performance will, for the first time, be indefensible and, ultimately, will be illegal."

The Civil Rights Bill would, for the first time in U.S. history, close the courthouse door to an entire group of people—white males. Under this bill they would find it effectively impossible to challenge court-ordered affirmative action. Indeed, an amendment was offered by Senator Orrin Hatch to give everyone the right to sue for discrimination regardless of race, but the Senate Labor Committee rejected it.

With forty co-sponsors, the Civil Rights Bill has an excellent chance of passage. In a typical Democratic maneuver, Senator Kennedy has already begun making cosmetic changes to the proposal to further undercut the opposition. Although the White House has been holding out on the Kennedy proposal itself, it has unwittingly encouraged such efforts by conceding that two of the recent Supreme Court decisions were wrong and having civil-rights legislation introduced to overturn them. Ted Kennedy's greatest victory may be to push the Republicans into their familiar old corner: the same, but less. □

IN RE MICHAEL MILKEN

THE INSIDER STORY

MARGARET LAWS

"I never thought he'd make it. I thought he didn't have the personality. In social situations he'd just sort of stand there with his shoulders hunched and his hands in his pockets, with this fixed grin on his face. He had

his own ideas, but you could never really figure out where he was coming from. He was a loner."—A former bond-trader remembers Michael Milken from the early 1970s.

BY THE TIME I arrived at Drexel Burnham Lambert in 1985, in something less than a Mistress of the Universe capacity, Milken's demeanor hadn't changed much. But he had undoubtedly made it—or at least a couple of hundred million dollars of it. It would take Rudolph Giuliani to establish Milken as a household name. But then, as Milken himself liked to say, "No one ever made a dime off publicity."

A $600-million settlement and a potential 28-year jail term have, no doubt, reinforced his opinion. At the astonishingly early age of 43, Milken's brilliant career has ended. On April 24 he pleaded guilty on six felony counts in New York's federal district court.

Milken's fall has been received with gloating far beyond that which routinely accompanies the discomfiture of anyone nominated as a symbol of the Reagan era. Richard Breeden, the Bush Administration's chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, called for "a substantial period of incarceration . . . Mr. Milken's admissions demonstrate that he stood at the center of a network of manipulation, fraud, and deceit."

What had Milken done to deserve such execration? This remains curiously unclear. The six felonies to which he confessed were essentially technical. They were a small fraction of those alleged by the prosecution in its 98-count indictment and included no racketeering or insider-trading charges; the actions in question had not directly enriched Milken himself.

Above all, they hardly demonstrated any fundamental flaw in the "junk bond" market, which Mr. Milken pioneered and which remains breathing if battered. In fact, since December 31, 1989, junk bonds have outperformed equities, losing 1.65 per cent of their value, according to Shearson Lehman, compared to a loss of 3 per cent in the S&P 500. While there have been few new issues thus far in 1990, it is noteworthy that rival Wall Street firms fell over themselves to hire any refugee from Drexel's Corporate Finance Department with a few clients in his Rolodex. It will be left to some future financial historian to uncover Mr. Breeden's "network of manipulation, fraud, and deceit."

As the *Wall Street Journal* noted, any claim that the existence of this "network" is implicit in Milken's confession must be subject to "the presumption of RICO." The Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act was intended by Congress for use against gangsters. It involves such savage sanctions—for example, seizing defendants' assets before trial—that it effectively rubber-hoses into submission the white-collar types to whom it is now being applied by aggressive prosecutors.

A Better Mousetrap

THE KEY question about Milken is Emerson's: Did he build a better mousetrap? Indeed, are better mousetraps ever possible in financial markets?

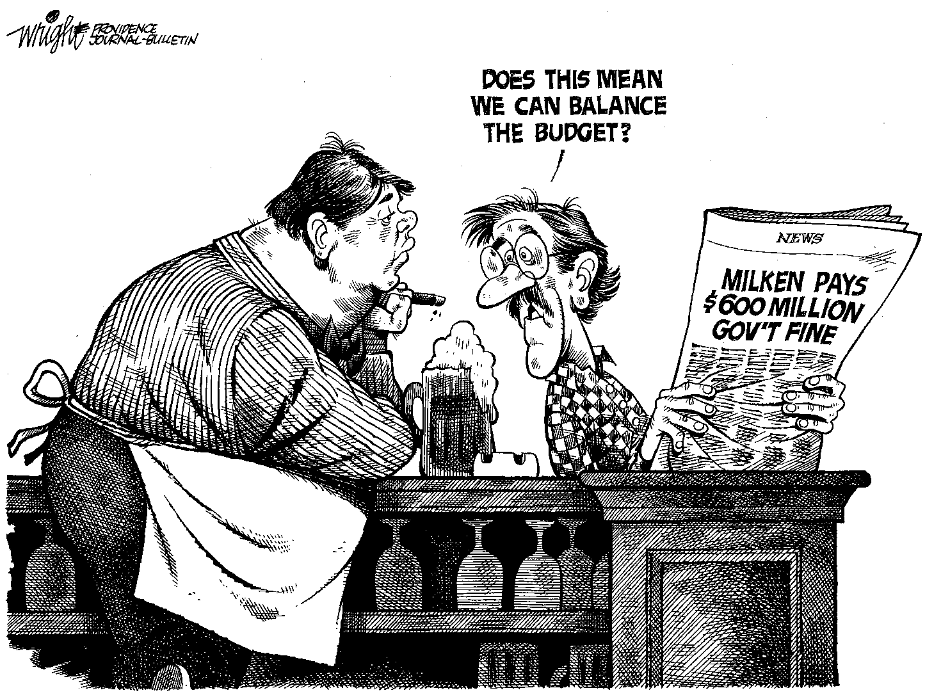
The device at issue is the "junk bond." The term originated to describe the phenomenon that occurred when companies got into difficulties, causing the price of their outstanding bonds to fall. This effectively increased their interest yield to investors brave enough to buy them at that point.

Milken began by putting into practice academic research he came across while still at the Wharton business school: buying a wide enough range of junk bonds would theoretically yield enough interest and capital gains to compensate for the risk that any one of the underlying companies would go bankrupt. Then he took junk bonds, and his increasingly enthusiastic clients, through two further steps.

First, he issued completely new high-interest bonds for companies not previously thought creditworthy, reasoning that standard criteria must just be too cautious. This is the chapter of Milken's story on which his hagiographers like to focus. And indeed, the approximately fifty growth companies that originally issued high-yield debt and were subsequently upgraded to investment grade by the credit-rating agencies—for example, MCI Communications, Humana, and Zayre—indicate that there was at least some truth in his thesis.

Second, Milken decided that junk bonds could be issued to finance the takeover of major corporations whose assets could be made to work harder. This proved equally valid—the process no doubt accelerated by the great cycle of inflation and disinflation through which we passed in the 1970s and 1980s, leaving corporate assets undervalued by the stock market.

Milken unquestionably extracted monopoly profits from his pioneering efforts. He used to tell us that these profits would diminish as the junk-


Wright Providence Journal-Bulletin
DOES THIS MEAN WE CAN BALANCE THE BUDGET?
NEWS
MILKEN PAYS $600 MILLION GOV'T FINE

Margaret Laws was a vice president in the Corporate Finance Department of Drexel Burnham Lambert until the firm vaporized in February.

bond market matured and became more efficient over time. Perhaps this accounts for his unremitting pursuit of more deals long after he had amassed riches beyond the dreams of normal avarice. Or perhaps he was just pathologically aggressive. I never knew anyone at Drexel who reported Milken as anything but polite and soft-spoken. But he surrounded himself with a Beverly Hills sales force that was a notorious goon squad.

Predators' Ball

WEALTH never changed his modest lifestyle or relentless work ethic. I remember him late one evening at the "Predators' Ball"—the annual clients' conference in Beverly Hills which cost scrillions, including millions for such minor items as flowers and limousines. While every pipsqueak with a Drexel business card was holding court in places like the Polo Lounge and Chasen's, the most powerful financier in the world was quibbling over the rush charges on slides he wanted made up overnight for his keynote address the next day. "If it's $100 per slide, have them produce them all," he specified, "but if it's $300, I only want these ten."

In the end, it was Milken's power, not his greed, that excited a remarkable number of old and some quite new antagonisms. "Main Street," America's commercial heartland, has traditionally resented the high-paid financial city-slickers upon whom it depends for capital. And entrenched managements were secretly happy to believe Professor John Kenneth Galbraith's complaint that they had usurped the rights of the shareholders who technically owned their companies and had become a self-perpetuating "technostructure." Milken showed they could be displaced by his undreamt-of species of monster takeover, briefly reasserting the supremacy of shareholders' rights. (In the aftermath of Milken's fall, there is an illusion that the boardroom has emerged insulated from the authority of the shareholder ballot box. But the Left abhors a vacuum. It can be counted upon to nominate the government to fill it.)

Above all, Milken attracted the jealousy of America's powerful "New Class," the social grouping that Irving Kristol has identified as making its living through its influence on the government's power to spend, regulate, and legislate. This includes professional politicians, their hangers-on in the media and academic life, and much of the ever-proliferating legal profession. Rudolph Giuliani, in fact, seems to have thought that his crusade against Milken would help elect him mayor of New York.

Significantly, there are now ominous signs that Washington is eager to lay as much as possible of its responsibility for the savings-and-loan mess at Milken's door. This of course is nonsense. The thrifts were in trouble as a direct result of federal policy long before the junk-bond market cratered. And at most, it is estimated that 1.4 per cent of S&L losses, or some $14 billion, represent losses on junk-bond holdings.

The whole truth about the Milken phenomenon will not be known for years. But it is disturbing to compare this case with the results of an earlier discovery of a better financial mousetrap. At the turn of the century, J. P. Morgan was attacked for taking a similar quantum leap in risk by financing major takeovers through the nascent markets for publicly traded common stocks, which paid little or no dividends and were not secured by any assets. The institutions he built—Morgan Guaranty Trust, U.S. Steel—are now part of America's financial establishment.

In making a market Morgan was legally able to do much that Milken could not. The complex securities legislation passed amid populist outrage after the 1929 Crash, arguably misconceived and certainly subject to unpredictable judicial and regulatory reinterpretation, has caused many denizens of Wall Street to resign themselves to being perpetually open to charges of having violated some regulation or another. Milken himself was obviously a risk-taker of heroic proportions. The ultimate question is whether the American system needs and can still accommodate such personalities.

Or, as Drexel used to proclaim on its mugs and T-shirts, "No guts, no glory." □

CHRISTIAN LIBERTARIANISM

AYN RAND IS DEAD

LLEWELLYN H. ROCKWELL JR. & JEFFREY A. TUCKER

IN THE Old Right, cultural conservatism came as naturally as devotion to the free market or aversion to foreign wars. But when the cold war split the Right into two camps, both sides suffered. Conservatives lost their skepticism about what Clare Boothe Luce called "globaloney"; libertarians lost their moorings to what Russell Kirk called "the permanent things."

Today, both parts of the movement are harking back to their roots. More and more conservatives are coming to agree with Patrick J. Buchanan's denunciations of global messianism, and more and more libertarians cheer Murray N. Rothbard's jeremiads against "libertine libertarians."

In the 1950s, "virtually everyone in the libertarian movement was a cultural conservative, and virtually everyone was a believer," says George Resch of the Center for Libertarian Studies. "The Randian movement changed that, for the worse."

When Ayn Rand—the Jackie Collins of ideological novelists—split with her "intellectual heir" and boyfriend Nathaniel Branden in 1968, most of her followers came over to the libertarian movement, but they brought with them their unfortunate Randian baggage. Miss Rand was not just an atheist, Rothbard reminds us, "she was a militant atheist. She hated God and thought that Christianity ought to be stamped out." Catholicism in particu-

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Mr. Rockwell, a columnist for the Orange County Register, *heads a free-market economics think tank. Mr. Tucker is a graduate student in economics at George Mason University.*

lar she called the spiritual equivalent of Communism, with the same morality ("altruism"), goal ("global rule by force"), and enemy ("man's mind").

The Libertarian Party, founded in 1971, was infected from the beginning with Miss Rand's pet hatreds, albeit with some odd twists. New Ageism was welcomed, for example, and the party's Randian–hippie coalition even embraced a witch. Only one group was made to feel unwelcome: Christians.

But now a burgeoning group of scholars, journalists, and activists is recapturing the libertarian–Christian connection. These libertarians agree with Lord Acton that liberty is the highest *political* end of man, but see Christianity as the guide to the virtuous society as well as virtuous individuals.

Miss Rand asserted undying war between faith and freedom. But it is to "Christianity that we owe individual freedom and capitalism," says Rothbard. It is no coincidence that "capitalism developed in Christian Europe after the transnational church limited the state. In ancient Greece and Rome, the individual was merely part of the city state or the empire, unimportant in his own right. Christianity changed that by stressing the infinite worth of each individual soul."

Freedom for Virtue

CHRISTIAN libertarians see no inconsistency in being both. For these libertarians freedom is important for more than economic reasons. It allows Christians to transform the culture through the church and the family. This transformation is no business of the state's. As Pius IX wrote in his *Syllabus of Errors*, "the civil authority" must not interfere "in matters relating to religion, morality, and spiritual government." The Beatitudes are not instructions to federal officials, except in their personal lives.

"Freedom is no virtue in itself," says Robert Sirico, CSP, of the Catholic Information Center. "It is a context in which virtue can be practiced."

And, say the Christian libertarians, the virtuous life cannot be brought about by government. "It is a great mistake for religious people to appeal for state support," says James Sadowsky, SJ, of Fordham University. "The price of that support is subservience to the state."

The leviathan state's systematic attack on the family goes beyond the promotion of unwed motherhood through welfare programs, and secular humanism through the government schools—the welfare state cuts to the heart of the family by arrogating to itself the authority of the father as protector and provider. In view of this, David Gordon of the Ludwig von Mises Institute points out that, contrary to the common impression that libertarians are free-thinkers and libertines, "Many libertarians . . . are libertarians precisely because they wish to protect traditional values and culture from the state."

The Christian libertarian's reconciliation of freedom and virtue echoes the earlier "fusionism" of Frank S. Meyer, but it also harks back to the Spanish Scholastics and their rigorous defense of liberty, the free market, sound money, and the rule of law. Typical was Pedro Fernandez Navarrete, chaplain to the king of Spain, who wrote in 1619 that "the origin of poverty is high taxes" and that the only "agreeable country is one where no man is afraid of tax collectors." May the rector of George Bush's Episcopal parish preach similar views!

Moral posturing has become inextricably linked with our politics. William Bennett says that repealing the laws against drug use is the same as approving addiction. But as James Sadowsky points out, libertarianism does not "mandate moral approval of all the behaviors that we would legalize. We accept the Actonian distinction between civil law and moral law." This position is not, as some charge, a denial of Original Sin, but rather an affirmation of its baleful importance. A man giving full rein to his sinful tendencies does far more harm as a state official than as a private individual.

Illiberal

IN THEIR acceptance of Original Sin, as well as a host of other ways, the Christian libertarians distinguish themselves from most of the classical liberals. Frédéric Bastiat and Lord Acton grounded their liberalism in Christianity, but most classical liberals were Benthamite atheists. Rothbard points out that, except in England, when these liberals "came to power, they confiscated church lands, suppressed religious orders, and nationalized church schools. Their hatred of Christianity was far more important to them than their alleged love of liberty."

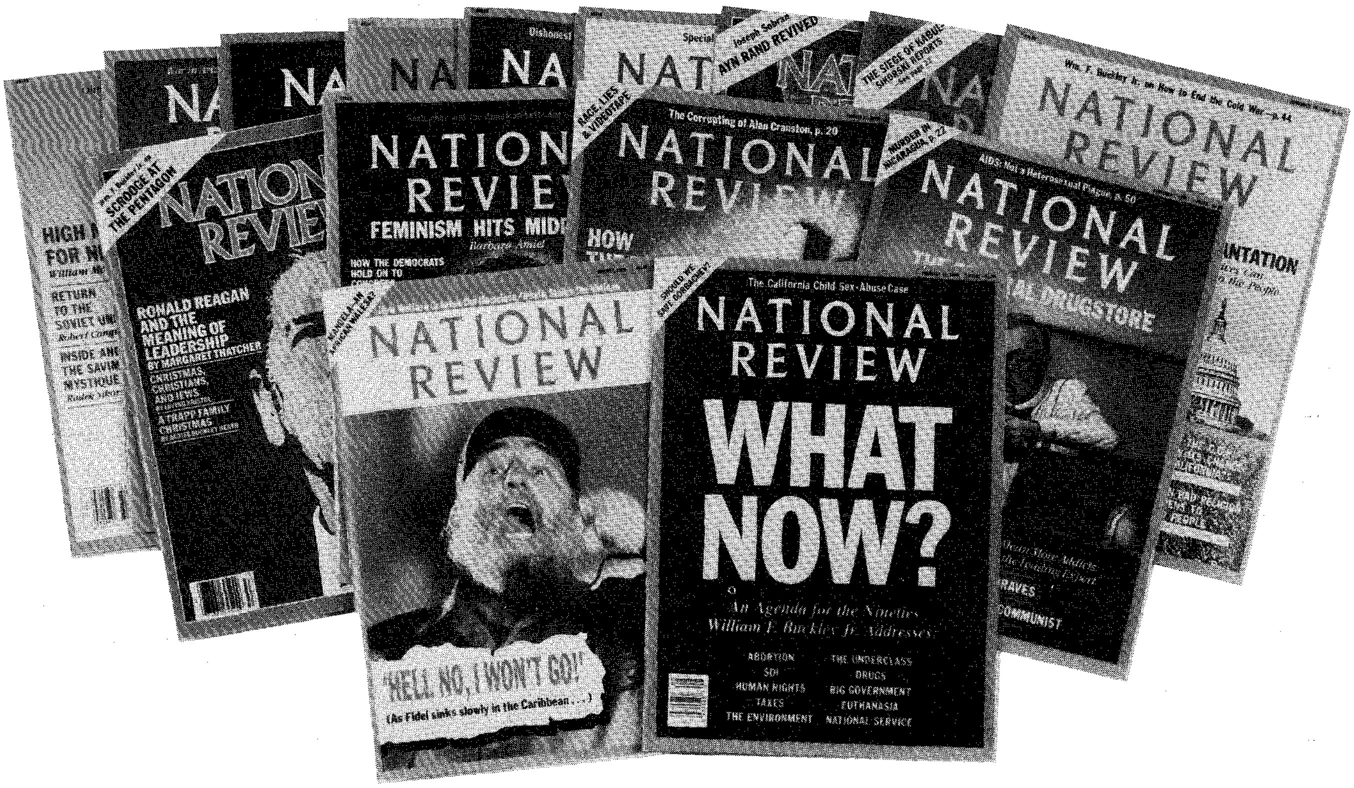
With Randianism following Ayn Rand into the grave, the future is with the Christian libertarians. And that is good news for conservatives.

"Many Christian conservatives have been put off by what seemed to be libertarianism's irreligiousness, moral relativism, and belief in 'gay rights,'" says Joseph Sobran. "But the emergence, or rather re-emergence, of Christian libertarianism—which rejects all of this—makes it possible for us to join together to limit the giant state. We are all libertarians when it comes to the Federal Government. And we are all conservatives in our cultural and moral values."

The big news of the post-Reagan era may not be a split, but a healing: the coming together of the two strands of the Old Right. It is, as even a quick glance at Washington, D.C., will show, an alliance whose time has come. ☐

What Christian Libertarians Believe

1. Objective standards of morality are essential to the free and civilized social order.
2. Western culture is eminently worthy of preservation and defense.
3. Vigorous social *authority*—as embodied in the family, church, and other mediating institutions—is a bedrock of the virtuous society.
4. The egalitarian ethic is morally reprehensible and destructive of private property and social authority.
5. The leviathan state is the prime institutional source of evil throughout history.
6. The unhampered free market is morally and practically superior to all other systems.
7. Private property is economically and morally necessary.
8. The garrison state threatens liberty and social well-being.
9. The welfare state is organized theft.
10. Proper civil liberties are based on property rights.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LIMERICKING

THERE ONCE WAS A LASS FROM MANILA . . .

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THE LIMERICK competition ["From the Editor," April 16] has turned out to be one of *NR*'s more successful ventures. No fewer than 132 limericks were submitted to the judges—Linda Bridges, Allen Randolph, and myself. The sheer bulk of jaunty versification, the repetition of the theme of shoe fetishism, the irrepressible ingenuity of rhymesters faced with "Imelda"—we had to be veritable Stakhanovites of facetiousness to get through it all.

A general criticism must at once be advanced. Many of the entries were not limericks at all, but light verse in a free style. Still more were written by people who had apparently seen the limerick on a printed page and so wrote in broken lines that visually resembled the limerick form. But the lines, when scanned or spoken, were revealed to be rhyming prose.

That said, over half of the entries both showed technical skill and were respectably funny. Some maintained a high standard throughout. But a number had one or two brilliant lines holding up the entire edifice. I do not wish to be overcritical—a good line is hard to find. But in the best limericks every line adds a further twist of wit, such as the tale of Gloria, which I recently saw performed by the late Lord Olivier on television:

There was a young lady called Gloria
Who was had by Sir Gerald du Maurier,
Jack Hylton, Jack Payne,
Sir Gerald again,
And the band of the Waldorf Astoria.

It is not necessary to know who Sir Gerald and Jacks Hylton and Payne were to find this funny. The humor is in the arithmetic. There is something of this progressive quality in George Patrick's entry:

"I need a hacksaw," said Imelda,
Surveying the prison that helda.
"Or perhaps TNT
Will at last set me free,
Or maybe a torch from a welda."

Now, for the results. Honorable mentions go to May Shaw, who put forth Imelda's legal defense (*"My six thousand shoes / I wear only by twos"*); to David Pittaway, who, needing something to rhyme with the Philippine guerrillas, the Huks, came up with the ingenious *Imelda, old Ferdinand's ux*; to Simcha Maoz, who was moved to tears by Mrs. Marcos's greatest crime (*The torture and murder of "Feelings"*); to Miles David Moore, whose last line included a neologistic pun (*"I'm a true Philippine Cinderelda"*); and to Michael Stein, who gives us this picture of Mrs. Marcos in reduced circumstances:

From pricey French booze
And my swank Gucci shoes,
They've reduced me to reruns of Dallas.

That left us with six entries jostling for the top spot. The judges felt that, given this intense competition, it would be unseemly to allow the entry from our own W. H. von Dreele, but that posterity should not be deprived of his opening lines:

Mrs. Marcos, whose mountains of shoes
Make the moralists mutter, "J'accuse."

The five runners-up were all of such a standard that we felt an honorable mention would be insufficient reward. Five bottles of domestic champagne are therefore awarded, first to Mr. Patrick, then to Mrs. W. A. Chapman, whose entry (one of five) is a brilliant disquisition on nothing at all:

Imelda, Imelda, Imelda,
Not Sally, Leona, or Zelda,
You're one of a kind,
No peer comes to mind,
In awe and amazement I've held ya.

William B. Kinslow Jr., who submitted two entries, had a nice internal rhyme (as did Mark Sadd, to whom an honorable mention). Mr. Kinslow depicted Mrs. Marcos as playing political advisor to Cory Aquino:

Wear yellow, act mellow,
Be a jolly good fellow,
And Congress will keep you afloat.

Two of Dick Hainsworth's entries put him among the runners-up. (But he gets only one bottle of champagne.) A toss of the coin persuaded us to overlook the pun and quote this one:

They say she was badly behaved,
Just vicious, ambitious, depraved,
But now she's a widder
You have to consider
The thousands of soles that she saved.

The last runner-up is Wm. F. Rickenbacker. Of his two limericks, the judges preferred this one (Bob McKenty gets an honorable mention for a similar last line):

"'Twas all a mistake," said Dame Marcos,
Whose wardrobe could dress Ringling's sarcus.
"When I married him, see,
I believed that he
Was some kin of Big D's Neiman-Marcus."

Mr. Rickenbacker might have made it to the final if his fourth line had not been metrically ugly—an anapest followed by an iamb, rather than the other way around. We would have preferred, for instance, the verb "conjectured," yielding two anapests. Mr. Rickenbacker was the literary curmudgeon who in our last issue listed our recent errors of taste, grammar, and punctuation. God is not mocked.

WHICH brings me finally to the winner. Barbara Russell, attorney at law, of Pittsburgh, challenges our most deeply held assumptions with the following pro-Imelda entry:

I bought jewelry and clothes mucho fino,
Not with money I won playing Keno.
But when Ferdy held sway
U.S. bases could stay.
Are you happier now with Aquino?

My congratulations to Miss Russell. A

bottle of Bollinger is even now speeding toward Pittsburgh.

Several contestants sent in non-Imelda limericks, not necessarily their own, to amuse the editors. In this unexpected category, we liked Eugene Watson's submission of the tale, from the 1930s Italian invasion of Abyssinia, of the young maid of Adowa, seemingly a sweet Ethiopian flower, who, according to rumor, couldn't say "Oh, no" to Marshal de Bono, and consequently delayed the attack by an hour. (Now, work it out.) But our favorite was the entry of the Rev. Benjamin Moss, who submitted this limerick of his own composition:

An artistic old nun in Vancouver
Had a convent that looked like the
  Louvre.
    The pictures, we're told,
    Were impossibly bold,
And the bishop was forced to remove
  'er.

A bottle of decent white wine for Father Moss. And, indeed, for me, as I finally abandon limericks and settle down to relax with a light-hearted squib on German philosophy. □

THE IVORY FOXHOLE

JAPAN TO THE RESCUE

JEFFREY HART

THE JAPANESE have bought one-seventh of Rockefeller Center, they are making automobiles in South Carolina, and Congressman Richard Gephardt wishes he could run against Hirohito. But wait. The Japanese may be positioning themselves to rescue the West culturally.

Despite the obvious fact that the roots of American culture are European, there is a powerful movement in our schools and universities to expel what is called "Eurocentrism." By Eurocentrism is meant reading Dead White Males like Aristotle and Shakespeare. It is supposed to be an indication of "sensitivity" if a university advises a black student to read Alice Walker and Frantz Fanon instead of Goethe and Tolstoi.

Instead of the Eurocentric curriculum, we are getting Afrocentric and gynocentric curricula. New York State has undertaken a revision of its secondary-school curriculum to emphasize the contribution of "minorities" to American culture. The desperate hope is to improve the academic performance of minorities—meaning blacks and Hispanics. According to a New York State curriculum guide, this result is to be brought about by, for example, telling minorities that the Iroquois Indians contributed to the political theory of the U.S. Constitution. That's right. Lies will make us free.

But, to the rescue, here come the Japanese.

They have always been great imitators rather than originators, but in our present phase of cultural disarray we are in dire need of sharp-eyed imitators. The Japanese have picked up golf, baseball, microchips, and VCRs, and now they are becoming Eurocentric by leaps and bounds.

The British *Economist* of April 21 contains an article on Japanese higher education. Look at some of the entrance-examination questions for admission to the politics and economics departments of Waseda University. The examinee is instructed to "Read these paragraphs on four absolute monarchs, then answer the questions."

> A. Inherited a rich, powerful nation. Built up a standing army and arms industry, and reformed education. Tried to expand territory by invasion. Built a palace in the suburbs and was associated with many famous scholars and artists.
>
> B. Born of ducal family of Anhalt-Zerbst. Brought to throne by a palace coup. Keen on Enlightenment philosophy. Codified laws in a constitution. Increased nobles' powers, provoking farmers' revolt. Annexed Islamic country G to the south.
>
> C. Came to the throne aged five, with mother as regent, while cardinal held power as prime minister. Later ruled directly by decree. Established ministries, reformed army and industry. Fought many wars. Built a palace outside his capital, made it the center of political and cultural life.
>
> D. Married to a duke of Lorraine. Her succession caused a war. Reformed finances, farming, commerce, and industry. Allied with an old rival with whom her family had competed for Europe, a hegemony since the Middle Ages."

(The monarchs are: Frederick II of Prussia, Catherine II of Russia, Louis XIV of France, Maria Theresa of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia.)

But now come the questions: In what order did the four reigns end? Which monarch was involved in the second partition of Poland? Under which monarch did the cleric Bossuet assert the divine right of kings? What was the architectural style of A's palace? When G was annexed, America and England had just signed a peace treaty in Paris. Which country was G?

The answer to that last question is the Crimea.

You get the idea. The Japanese system does seem to me too mechanical, too rigid. But at least they are talking about actual substance, and that is to be preferred to our free-flow, roll-your-own, minorityolatrous, gynocratic educational kakistocracy (a useful word these days, meaning "the rule of the worst").

Trendy American educators explain that their goal is to teach students "how to think," rather than prescribing any particular subject matter. But in order to think, you have to think about something, and you think more effectively when the something is challenging. Homer is more worth thinking about than Frantz Fanon.

ARE THE Japanese becoming our memory bank? As the Greeks knew, Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory, was the Mother of the Muses. Before you can say anything that matters, you have to remember a great deal. What you remember conditions what you can say.

The Japanese, and God bless them, are giving their students a decidedly Eurocentric tilt. They know, as we are in the process of forgetting, that when you want to harness the atom you do not consult Confucius. Great imitators, the Japanese may yet save Western culture when we have forgotten who we are. □

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

After the Fall

HERBERT S. PARMET

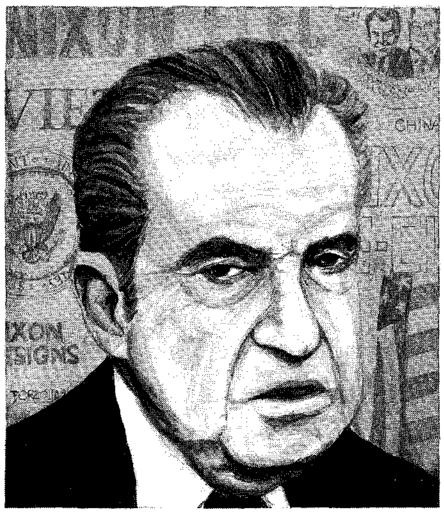
RICHARD NIXON began his career "in the arena," entering public life when conservatives needed credible heroes. The determined young man from Whittier, California, promptly became a *bête noire* of New Dealers by taking on Jerry Voorhis, Alger Hiss, and Helen Gahagan Douglas. The anti-Communist of the Forties and Fifties pounded the Achesons, Trumans, and Stevensons and went on to become the liberal-killer of the Sixties. He mobilized the Silent Majority, toyed with welfare reform, introduced Vietnamization, won re-election by decimating vital elements of FDR's old coalition, and, finally, outraged conservatives with price controls and a journey to the lair of Mao Tse-tung. Then came Watergate and endless headlines, sending him to the showers prematurely.

As well as serving his cause, *In the Arena* is a useful introduction to the mind and personality of the most prominent, gifted, and contentious leader of post–World War II America.

In the Arena, by Richard M. Nixon (Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $22.45)

Although Nixon is a conservative by instinct, his thinking on domestic issues is colored by what he has always called "practical liberalism." He stands with Adam Smith on capitalism's responsibility to "regulate the harshness" of free-market competition. He even argues that supporters of capitalism should "enthusiastically endorse government programs to promote equality before the law and equality of opportunity, especially in providing equal access to higher education on the basis of merit." His is a regulated capitalism with a tempered free market, seeking to keep the field open for the entrepreneurial spirit.

There are few surprises here for Nixon-watchers. Although he scants race relations and ignores the abortion question, he comes down firmly on the side of the Supreme Court in its *Engel* v. *Vitale* school-prayer decision. He regrets as a blunder the decision to control wages and prices. He repeatedly states his contempt for academics and the media. In one especially colorful outburst he declares that "network programmers, after polluting commercial TV during the week, can watch taxpayer-subsidized ballet and British sitcoms when they go to the Hamptons for the weekend." His populist side hits its stride when he turns against America's "leadership class," which, he holds, helped lose two wars. Then, in a voice equally reminiscent of the past, he adds that they are "characterized by intellectual arrogance, an obsession with style, fashion, and class, and a permissive attitude on drugs."



Joseph Borzotta

As in his first book, when he advised that the most critical stage of a crisis is its aftermath, he remains fascinated by the mechanisms for coping. Life unfolds as a series of confrontations, each temporarily placing him on the defensive. He is on a battlefield sizing up his resources for the counterattack, careful not to be defeated by panic. The moment before striking back—a stage hampered by "dulled reactions and faulty judgment"—conditions the critical elements determining the crucial decision.

Such powers evidently failed him after Watergate, and he repeats his responsibility for the coverup but not the crimes. "Watergate," he writes, "was worse than a crime—it was a blunder," thereby continuing to skirt the crux of the matter by emphasizing political misjudgment over larger issues. He does regret the failure to "set a higher standard for the conduct of the people who participated in my campaign and Administration. I should have established a moral tone that would have made such actions unthinkable."

He has paid his penance, the price of the "smoking pistol" command to kill the investigation, the revelation of which led to his downfall even though, he now reveals, the order was disregarded. Not even he was able to get the whole truth about what was going on. Then came that final indignity, the pardon. "Next to the resignation," Nixon says, "accepting the pardon was the most painful decision of my political career."

He continues to insist that the episode was inherent in the exercise of presidential power. Other recent Presidents, notably Kennedy and Carter, have agreed that the executive branch suffers more from constraints than a lack of accountability. He argues that the power of American Presidents "is far more circumscribed than that of most other world leaders." The War Powers Act and restraints on the impoundment of appropriations, both fought over during his second term, have contributed to an erosion that is inconsistent with the U.S. as a world power, he says. True, but the intent of both laws was far more potent than their details.

Nixon's well-known global view is repeated here with full force. Once again, the emphasis is on what he earlier called "real peace," and on

---

Mr. Parmet, a professor of history at Queensborough Community College in New York City, is the author of Eisenhower and the American Crusades, JFK: The Presidency of John F. Kennedy, *and* Richard Nixon and His America.

"managing conflict." His is a Hobbesian outlook, assuming the natural inevitability of conflict. He dismisses rhetoric about "the end of history" or the "end of the cold war" as nonsense. "While the Communists have lost the cold war," he writes, "the West has not yet won it." Too much of the world continues under the potential or real influence of Marxism. The free world cannot rest until more progress has been made toward a better alternative. Nixon respects Gorbachev, but warns that the Russian has a "steel fist," and advises that "gut-level anti-Communism is commendable as an instinct but inadequate as a policy. Anti-Communism is not a policy. It is a faith—faith in freedom." Countering the Soviets, now led by someone more formidable than Nixon's old rival, Leonid Brezhnev, requires promoting market economies throughout the developing world and removing their vulnerability to totalitarian regimes.

This volume, slender in comparison with the 1978 memoirs, reveals Nixon the Elder, a long way from the Whittier lawyer, with a voice more mature but strikingly recognizable. Brief chapters advise about such matters as religion, wealth, the family, power, and the media. He is especially instructive about the techniques of public speaking, and his eight pages of advice should be required reading for most of us who are often let loose before a sea of expectant faces. Inevitably, throughout this wide-ranging book, we are never permitted to forget that here is a man whose expertise has been honed by exposure to the giants of our time. No one is more entitled to be a name-dropper. Nixon is politic, taking no swipes at his successors, while implying that he should have remained "in the arena."

This is, in most ways, a wistful book, suggesting what has been lost all around rather than beating to death the what-could-have-beens. The spirit may be forced, but the closing tone is nevertheless upbeat and reflective. Nixon lives on; some will say he has returned, as if he ever disappeared. "Life is a roller coaster," Nixon reflects, "exhilarating on the way up and breathtaking on the way down." He quotes Grandmother Milhous in saying that he has found "peace at the center." All would be perfect if, somehow, the umpire's decision could be reversed and the game resumed back in the sixth inning. □

Party Rule or Golden Rule?

EUGENE H. METHVIN

SHORTLY AFTER Leonid Brezhnev's 1981 "autobiography" was published, a Moscow dance company converted it into a ballet. One astounded Soviet émigré commentator demanded, "And who gets to dance the part of Brezhnev? They will all probably have to take turns for the honor!"

Against the Grain: An Autobiography, by Boris Yeltsin, translated by Michael Glenny (Summit Books, 263 pp., $19.95)

Rest assured Boris Yeltsin's autobiography, *Against the Grain*, will provoke no ballets in Moscow—and no applause in the Kremlin either. But in Sverdlovsk, Yeltsin's hometown, and in other precincts, people will applaud, and raise again his campaign cry, *"Skazhee'm, Yeltsin!"* ("Tell 'em!")

Yeltsin portrays himself as an uncomplicated construction engineer and manager, proud, not especially introspective, not philosophical, and not particularly ambitious. He is certainly no *apparatchik*, and comes across as a basically decent man whose sensibilities were offended and often outraged by the hypocrisy, greed, and disloyalty he witnessed as he ascended the Communist Party *apparat* into the upper reaches of Soviet politics.

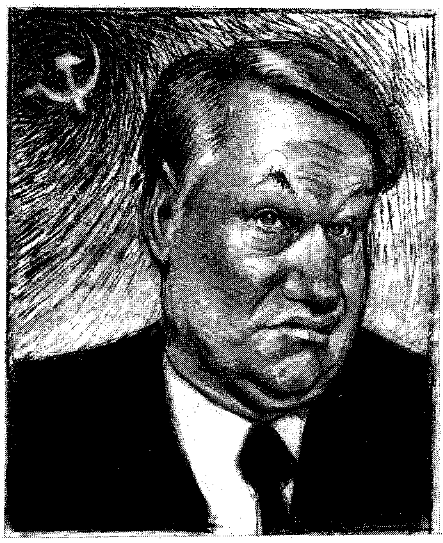
The author acknowledges the considerable help of a talented young journalist, Valentin Yumashev, who no doubt improved his prose, organization, and audience appeal. Yet the suspicion arises that a long-hidden group of fanatical anti-Communist gnomes has produced this book in some basement workshop at CIA headquarters in Langley, and is palming it off on Western publishers as the autobiography of a recent Politburo member. After all, a few years back we had the "discovery" of Hitler's "secret diary." But Yeltsin is alive, and he has not disavowed this book. In fact, he has been out promoting it.

It is difficult to imagine what calculus of self-advancement could lie behind this book. Can Yeltsin's motivation be simply an extravagant determination to say what he thinks and let the chips fall where they may? Nothing is so surprising as an honest man. That is the pose Yeltsin strikes, and in the end, he is fairly convincing. There is a human naturalness in his reactions and in his depiction of himself that would be refreshing in any politician—anytime, anywhere.

Yeltsin pays a sincere and moving tribute to the early Gorbachev for opening up Soviet politics—and then proceeds to scald him with bitter criticism and devastating specifics. He describes the palatial *dacha* Gorbachev vacated for a new one; Yeltsin and his family inherited the old one as a hand-me-down, and were "shattered by the senselessness" of its opulence. "Why was it thought necessary to give expression to such an absurd degree to the fantasies of property, pleasure, and megalomania harbored by the Party elite? No one, not even the most outstanding public figures of the contemporary world, could possibly find a use for so many rooms, lavatories, and television sets all at the same time."

Yeltsin never satisfactorily answers his own question: How did the system ever belch up a Boris Yeltsin?—the only such blunder in seventy years, as he himself notes. His basic competence and innate flair for leadership, evident in some bizarre boyish escapades, got him to the top of the construction bureaucracy in Sverdlovsk province in 1969 after 14 years, at age 38. In 1976 Brezhnev named him provincial Party boss. That meant he was virtually the dictator of a city of 1.2 million inhabitants, plus 45 towns in the region, and 63 smaller townships, a total population of five million in the province, whose industrial production is the nation's third largest. In 1985 Gorbachev called Yeltsin to Moscow and quickly made him Party boss of Moscow with a clear mandate to clean house. He automatically became a non-voting member of the Politburo. His description of that body's regular Thursday brain-deadening meetings of self-congratula-

Mr. Methvin is a senior editor at Reader's Digest.



Janet Hamelin

tion, delusion, and fawning unanimity explains his growing disillusionment with the system.

My wife says, "Just listening to you read that book, I'd say Boris Yeltsin is first of all a humorist. But then knowing your weird sense of humor, I'm not sure." I suppose it is weird to break out cackling when one reads a Soviet politician thus describe Defense Minister Dmitri Yazov: "When this classic old-style Russian general contemplates the country's civilian population, he is obviously longing, in his heart of hearts, to conscript every single adult for permanent military service . . . Personally I prefer the American system, under which the Secretary of Defense must be a civilian."

Glasnost indeed! Gorbachev deserves the first Nobel Prize for Hilarity for letting Yeltsin loose in the Soviet holy of holies. The sight of this bull goring sacred cows left and right confirms Mencken's dictum that democracy is the most entertaining form of government ever devised.

Although he never shakes free of his Party and Leninist upbringing, the man begins to sound like a convinced democrat when he pens such lines as this: "Dissidents should be paid 13 months' salary for a year, otherwise our mindless unanimity will bring us to an even more hopeless state of stagnation."

And though Yeltsin professes neutrality on religion, he welcomes the regeneration of the church in the USSR: "I am convinced that the moment is coming when, with its message of eternal, universal values, it will come to the aid of our society. For in these words: 'Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' lie those very moral principles that will enable us to survive even the most critical situations."

That, brethren, is certainly a new chord in Soviet political oratorios. Yeltsin reminds me of several new members of Congress who have come to Washington in my three decades here determined to say what they thought. Crusty or mild-mannered, but strong men of conviction in any case, they last only a term or two because they cannot follow Speaker Sam Rayburn's cardinal advice to House neophytes: "To get along, go along." But they certainly make the place more entertaining, and they return home to resume their professional lives with the satisfaction of having "told 'em" in Washington.

Yeltsin clearly seems to feel returning to construction work in Sverdlovsk would be no great disaster. If so, he will certainly live in history for having written the first genuine "inside the Kremlin" memoir. But this book leaves me convinced we will hear much more from this proud, stubborn, substantial man. ☐

Weep Not for the IRA

JOHN P. McCARTHY

Biting at the Grave: The Irish Hunger Strikes and the Politics of Despair, by Padraig O'Malley (Beacon, 330 pp., $22.95)

THIS BOOK, along with O'Malley's earlier *Ireland: The Uncivil Wars*, must be included in any list of the best works on modern Northern Ireland. The hunger strike of 1981, which ten Irish revolutionary nationalist prisoners followed to the bitter end, was undoubtedly the high point of world attention and sympathy for the IRA and for the cause of Irish unification. It was a powerful tactic, not easily repeated. And it was a tactic that required of its participants—regardless of what one may think of their cause—a remarkable sense of commitment, sincerity of purpose, and bravery.

O'Malley's book gives a balanced account of the general historical background and a thorough chronological report on the hunger strike, including the day-to-day unfolding of events, communications among the strikers, the organizational structure among the prisoners (and in the IRA command outside), the interventions by churchmen in pursuit of some compromise, and the reaction of the British and Irish governments to each new development.

But where O'Malley is especially adept is in his description of the hunger-strikers themselves: their backgrounds, their families, their motivations. Empathy with them helped him gain the confidence several years later of the families, noting, as many Irish Catholics might, that "there but for the grace of God go I." At the same time O'Malley realizes that this mindset, with its intertwining of religious and nationalist imagery and symbolism, is at the root of the whole imbroglio. "Their self-image," he writes, "reinforced by the chronicles of oppression on which they had been raised and the experiences of their young lives, impaired their ability to act independently and diminished their capacity to act in their own behalf." This is scarcely hagiography.

The hunger strike ended only when the families of some strikers began to break loose from community solidarity—shedding the illusion that the British were going to break, or the fear that their sons' capitulation would make the deaths of previous hunger-strikers futile—and actually intervened and ordered medical resuscitation of their sons. Needless to say, Father Denis Faul, a long-time champion of Catholic grievances and prisoner complaints, who was instrumental in prompting family intervention, was condemned by the militants for being "treacherous, conniving," and for acting as a "tool of the Irish establishment," even to the point of abetting Westminster's "murder [of] ten young Irish men."

We should recall what the strikes were about. Essentially they were in furtherance of a demand that IRA

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prisoners be given the special status of political prisoners, a practice the British had imprudently allowed in the opening years of the now twenty-year-old Northern Irish confrontation. Political-prisoner status would have entailed certain privileges (among them, the right to wear civilian clothes and freely associate within the prison) and would have bestowed an element of legitimacy upon the prisoners' cause. Their efforts to gain such privileges began with a protest in which they covered themselves with blankets rather than wear their assigned uniforms. When, as a result, they were confined to their cells, the prisoners turned to the "dirty" protest—smearing the walls of their cells with their own excrement, a strategy to which the warders responded with periodic forced bathings and hosings. The final step was the hunger strike, astutely organized to guarantee a pattern of

RANDOM NOTES

■ For years, journalists covering the Vietnam War, especially those in the employ of *Time* magazine, crafted memorable dispatches based upon information provided by Pham Xuan An, a Vietcong spy—a colonel, in fact, in the Communist army of the North. This revelation, which is more in the way of a half-hearted confirmation of long-held suspicions, appears in *Flashbacks: On Returning to Vietnam* by CBS news presenter Morley Safer.

In familiar *60 Minutes* style, Safer confronted An in January in Saigon—er, Ho Chi Minh City.

"What's the truth?" Safer asked.

"The truth?" An laughed. "Which truth? One truth is that for ten years I was a staff correspondent for *Time* magazine and before that I joined the movement [i.e., the National Liberation Front] in 1944 and in one way or another have been part of it ever since. Two truths . . . both truths are true." An maintains, and Safer takes him at his word, that while spying on the South for the North, he never disinformed *Time*.

Neither man is a particularly graceful logician. Colonel An, at least, is comfortable being a liar. His first "truth" is actually a *fact* confirming his dishonesty, making it a peculiar sort of "truth" indeed. There must have been much said during their chat that Safer was unable to include in his thin book. Yet one assumes Safer did not ask An why, given his admission of spying, we should so readily believe that his VC comrades *never* asked him to plant a fake story in *Time*, especially when we know how savvy the Vietnamese Communists were about the way our media could sour public opinion. Others in the know think Safer should not be so credulous.

During 1969 and 1970 Burton Yale Pines was a correspondent covering Vietnam for *Time*, and he finds An's glib confession shocking. "I am embarrassed that I trusted Mr. An," Pines wrote to the *New York Times Magazine* after an excerpt from *Flashbacks* appeared there in March. "Clearly, Mr. An misled me; when he did, I then misled *Time*'s readers." Mr. Pines told me he finds it remarkable that other journalists who used An (An had been a stringer for *The New Yorker* and for Reuters) have not sent up a general cry of protest and demanded those news purveyors review the stories An supplied and check them for accuracy.

Is it conceivable that a colonel in North Vietnamese intelligence was placed as An was simply to provide the VC with low-level data from the military briefings given to correspondents? Pines thinks not, and he says, while unable to cite a specific instance of disinformation, that An frequently used his considerable authority with reporters to kill stories that portrayed the government and military of South Vietnam in a positive light. There is more than one way to disinform.

Douglas Pike, who was the Saigon embassy's NLF specialist, is cited by Safer in support of An's truthfulness, but Mr. Pike told me Safer misquoted him. ("No surprise there," Pike said.) And, yes, An was "scrupulously moral in the traditional Confucian ethic," but that ethic would not, per se, prohibit disinforming on behalf of one's first loyalty. Pike thinks it unlikely An consistently planted false stories, because that sort of disinformation is too easy to spot. But Pike agrees with Pines: to believe that An was primarily a passer of secrets from South to North is to believe a fable. (Interestingly, An's confession notwithstanding, Pike is unsure he actually was a spy, and had previously thought An a probable member of the "April 30 Cadre"—those who sat on the fence until the U.S. pulled out. Certainly—perhaps in the best Confucian sense—An is a man of two minds, perfectly capable of lying to his best friends. "Come to think of it," Pike mused, "An would never see me alone, and all I ever got from him were the most banal answers," whereas others would praise An's colorful reports. Nobody knew the Vietcong as well as Pike. Was An afraid to speak freely to him? Afraid he'd misinform in a way that Pike would recognize as what he calls "black propaganda"?)

Safer quotes Pike just after a long paragraph in which he attacks *Washington Times* editor Arnaud de Borchgrave. "If William F. Buckley is the Torquemada of American journalism . . . Borchgrave is its Jake Lamotta." Mr. Borchgrave comes under fire for having believed for some time that An was a spy. Safer's is a familiar tactic: impugn a tenable witness in order to enhance the credibility of the accused.

"Whatever he was," Safer writes of An, "whoever [*sic*] he worked for, he is a dignified and decent man . . ." He was a *genuine patriot*.

Newsmen strive for objectivity; they try to get the facts straight. Why, I wonder, is Morley Safer not bothered by An's Big Lie? No doubt there were many little lies, but which was the Big One? It was the lie An and others told, and the press dutifully reported as fact: The Vietcong were indigenous revolutionaries, people of the South, fighting a *civil war*. No concept weakened American resolve quite so definitely as this, and it was a lie. Safer knows it, surely, yet fails to admit it; perhaps because, from his viewpoint, the war turned out okay.

—Brad Miner

strikers nearing death successively *rather than simultaneously in order to* maintain pressure on the authorities. Replacements were ready to carry on after each death until the British government capitulated. But, alas for them, they were ultimately confronted by a particularly determined head of government, Margaret Thatcher.

It is important to mention that the European Commission on Human Rights had ruled that the harsh conditions under which the prisoners lived were "self-inflicted" to gain support for "their political aims." Even Amnesty International did not support the demand for special status, although it did believe that while certain facilities for exercise and work might legitimately "be temporarily withdrawn as punishment," the continuous denial of such facilities justified international protest.

O'Malley is particularly understanding of Protestants' inability to comprehend or sympathize with the hunger-strikers. After all, the IRA was responsible for the deaths of hundreds of Northern Irish Protestants, particularly members of the police and auxiliary security forces. O'Malley skillfully relays Protestants' perplexity about the reactions of the Catholic Church, which they knew could (and they assumed would) authoritatively pronounce on moral questions for its members in a way that Protestant churches, with their essentially anti-sacerdotal character, could not. Comments by some Catholic churchmen about the extenuating circumstances that might justify self-starvation, which seemed clearly to be a sinful act of suicide, only confirmed an inherent Protestant suspicion of Catholic casuistry. When it was all over, the average Protestant could only respond that the hunger-strikers at least had *chosen* their own end—a privilege the IRA never gave its victims.

The most disturbing note in O'Malley's book is his skepticism about the 1985 Anglo-Irish Agreement, which gave the Irish Republic a consultative role in the governance of Northern Ireland, but also affirmed the continuing link of Northern Ireland to Britain, until such time as the majority of its population would opt for Irish unification. O'Malley suggests that the agreement put too much confidence in rationality; that is, in the defusing of Protestant fears and in the raising of Catholic expectations, from which would emerge a settlement reflecting consensus in both communities. O'Malley and other critics of the agreement point to intensified Protestant fears as well as growing Catholic disappointment. But the genius of the agreement is that it set up nothing to be torn down; it simply created a framework in which rational elements could ultimately come together shorn of rival mythologies. □

Last Chance?

GEORGE SHADROUI

Katherine Trunk

AFTER TWO years of trying in vain to put down the Palestinian uprising, Israel finds itself at a dangerous crossroads.

Intifada: The Palestinian Uprising—Israel's Third Front, by Ze'ev Schiff and Ehud Ya'ari (Simon & Schuster, 400 pp., $22.95)

Diplomatically, the Israeli government has been on the defensive ever since the Palestine Liberation Organization recognized Israel and entered a dialogue with the United States in 1988. Militarily, it has responded tentatively, uncertain how to deal with the stone-throwers who have become a symbol of the *intifada*.

In the process, it has compiled a dismal human-rights record even in the eyes of its most reliable ally—the United States. The killings of Palestinians—close to seven hundred people, many of them children—have triggered sharp protests inside and outside Israel.

In *Intifada*, Israeli journalists Ze'ev Schiff and Ehud Ya'ari do an admirable job of explaining how Israeli negligence and Palestinian frustration triggered the explosion in the occupied territories. They provide a nuts-and-bolts analysis of the grass-roots forces that shaped the uprising and show how not only Israel but a lethargic PLO leadership had to scurry if they were to have a hope of regaining control of events.

They also suggest that the *intifada* can be more than simply another tragic chapter in the Israeli/Palestinian conflict. The mobilization of Palestinian society has reshaped the dynamics of the conflict and created opportunities for peace if only those in positions of leadership would lead. The *intifada*, they contend, has:

1. Forced Israel to face once and for all the dilemma of occupation. Before the uprising, the Israelis seemed frozen in a state of unconsciousness, as if they expected the Palestinians to live perpetually under military rule.

2. Forced Palestinian leaders—notably the PLO—to recognize Israel's right to exist and to approach negotiations more honestly. The local population in the West Bank and Gaza, having sacrificed life and economic well-being, wants more than diplomatic gestures and unfulfilled promises.

3. Put international pressure on both sides to enter into negotiations before the Palestinian death toll climbs and Israel is further demonized in the court of world opinion.

To the authors' credit, their concern for Israel's well-being does not preclude a fair accounting of the hardships endured by the Palestinian population since the occupation began in 1967. They describe some of the harsh conditions that brought about the initial riots in Gaza (ignited by a traffic accident in which several Palestinians

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were killed by an Israeli driver) and the newly found pride evident in a Palestinian population no longer content to be controlled.

"The *intifada*," the authors write, "was an assertion of defiance that bubbled up from below, a statement of the legions of Palestinian youth who felt bereft of a future; the high-school and university students doomed to choose between indignity and exile; the tens of thousands of laborers who made their living in Israel but were expected to remain invisible; the veterans of Israeli prisons who were more convinced than ever of the justice of their cause but saw their people sinking deeper and deeper into hopelessness."

Almost instinctively, the Palestinians understood that their thrown rocks—and their deaths—were reconstructing the prism through which the world viewed the conflict. The Palestinian community's refusal to use guns when confronting the Israeli army accomplished more for Palestinians in two years than the PLO's twenty years of armed conflict.

Schiff and Ya'ari argue that Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and others of like mind have not grasped that Israel's security is endangered not by negotiating with the PLO, but by perpetuating the status quo.

The authors make a powerful case: "Can Israel remain a democracy if it is caught in the vise of a civil war with the Palestinians in the territories and a struggle with its own Arab minority, which increasingly displays identification with the Palestinian people? In this condition, can it attract immigration from the Diaspora, even from communities in distress? Can it remain a Jewish state? And can the dreams of the Jewish national movement—of security, freedom, and creativity—come true under these circumstances, or will they necessarily collapse under the weight of an endlessly ugly reality?"

The authors propose a compromise that could leave Israel secure and most Palestinians independent. First, Israel would turn over the administration of the territories to the Palestinians. Gaza would be run by the PLO and local Palestinians, and this would provide a test of their ability to control acts of violence. A promise would have to be made, too, that there would be no declarations of statehood.

In the West Bank, Jordanian troops would provide a military buffer, though Israel would have the right to station troops in defensive positions as a security measure. The length of this deployment would depend on the length of Arab intransigence on the matter of recognizing Israel.

Israel, Jordan, and a Palestinian entity would form a confederation in which mutually recognized borders would be established. The Palestinian area would be demilitarized—i.e., permitted only those weapons required to maintain internal order. No doubt some Israeli settlements would be transferred to Israel; others would remain in the Palestinian area. Remaining settlers would have to choose between evacuating and living under Palestinian rule. The Palestinians would, of course, be expected to abandon any plans to dismantle Israel, just as the Israelis would be expected to abandon any notion of a Greater Israel. Palestinians would be allowed to continue working in Israel.

It is not a comprehensive or risk-free plan. The Golan Heights–Syria factor is not thoroughly explored (though the authors imply that the Soviets could play a constructive role in this regard). Nor is the fate of Jerusalem adequately discussed, and the explosiveness of that issue was shown yet again recently when President Bush's comments to the effect that East Jerusalem was "occupied" territory were damned by Israel and its supporters.

But confidence-building measures are crucial. Schiff and Ya'ari rightly point out that continuing the current situation, given regional arms buildups and the vicious cycle of violence, promises even more risks without *any* hope of settlement. The only winners—if that is the word—would be extremists on both sides. Palestinian radicals and Muslim fundamentalists who see all of the diplomatic concessions leading nowhere might turn again to armed struggle. Jewish extremists, confronted with such a threat, would demand the use of crushing military force and massive deportation.

It is not mere pessimism that conjures up such a scenario. If for forty years Arabs and Palestinians could refuse to accept the reality of Israel and Zionism, who is to say they will not delude themselves yet again into waging an unwinnable war? And if Israelis and their staunchest supporters could pretend that Palestinians did not exist and were not victims of the UN partition plan, could they not just as easily see fit to eradicate Palestinian society once and for all in the name of security and the greater good? Schiff and Ya'ari remain hopeful that more practical minds and humane hearts will prevail. □

Cruel May

WICK ALLISON

MAY is the cruelest month for the desk-bound fly fisher. Outside his office window the glass and concrete towers are suffused with sunlight, which only reminds him that the trout streams are warming and the tiny mayflies are hatching. This little book arrives just in time. Leonard Wright's "unabashedly biased sampling of angling's finest literature" provides some respite from the itch to head for the hills.

The Fly Fisher's Reader, by Leonard M. Wright Jr. (Fireside Books, 233 pp., $19.95)

How does the fly caster differ from other fishermen? In tackle, for one thing: the fly caster will use only an imitation of a natural insect; the fisherman will use any bait that works. But mostly the difference is in purpose: the fly caster is simply not all that concerned about catching fish.

It's as if, having invested all that time and money in expensive new equipment ($2,000 minimum—and that's only to get *started*), in lessons on how to make the long, looping casts, in more lessons on how to identify and match the various species of insect the trout find appetizing, and in travel expenses to reach the streams where trout proliferate, the exhausted student reaches a new plane of existence in his life as a sportsman. Bedazzled and intimidated by the in-

Lisa Haney

tricacies of the sport he has entered into, he merely wants to get in and out of the stream without making a fool of himself. The fish can take care of themselves.

Oh, one ends up catching fish, of course: on my first day out, I caught eight in one hour, a miracle never to be repeated in seven years of religious pursuit.

But the pursuit is the secret joy of fly fishing. This is a sport of calculation and strategy. When the fly fisher enters a stream he is entering an ecology whose complexities he must learn to read. Low water or high. Soft breeze or hard. Cloud cover or bright sun. Cold water or warm (or too warm). Are the fish rising? To what? Are they feeding on the surface or just below? Nature must be patiently wooed, and she is rarely won.

Izaak Walton aside, fly casting as we know it today is a relatively new sport. The first mention of the dry fly—that is, the imitation of a newly hatched insect floating on the surface of the stream—was made in an English magazine only in 1851. Fly fishing didn't become popular in America until the 1890s, through the efforts of the legendary Theodore Gordon. Now, of course, it has become chic, a status sport.

In gathering together these engrossing little stories, however, Leonard Wright reminds us that, new as it may be, fly fishing captures something very old, the pleasure of sport for sport's sake alone. Its traditions may not be ancient, but they have ancient roots, and its pieties are the pieties of the wise men of every age.

(Michael Oakeshott in one of his books quotes the *Chuang Tzu*: "When Prince Wen Wang was on a tour of inspection in Tsang, he saw an old man fishing. But his fishing was not real fishing, for he did not fish in order to catch fish, but to amuse himself. So Wen Wang wished to employ him in the administration of government, but he feared his own ministers, uncles, and brothers might object. On the other hand, if he let the old man go, he could not bear to think of the people being deprived of his influence.")

Mr. Wright has combed the mountainous literature on fly casting (it is a sport which attracts an uncommon number of good writers) to select his favorites over the years. His oldest is from 1881; his most recent is from 1989. In between are vignettes from such masters as Red Smith, Ernest Hemingway, Sparse Grey Hackle, Nick Lyons, Thomas McGuane, William Humphrey, and Theodore Gordon himself.

These are not mere fish stories. Like the sport itself, they transcend their humble origins. Thomas McGuane's "The Longest Silence" is quite simply the finest writing he's ever done. William Humphrey's "The Spawning Run" is a classic of self-deprecating humor. Corey Ford's "The Best Loved Trout Stream of Them All" is a testament to that river of "ancient prestige" (quoting Theodore Gordon), the gentle Beaverkill, where fly casting in America was born and where its traditions are upheld with priestly reverence.

In capturing so much—the vainglories, desperate tactics, urgent temptations, humbling experiences, and glorious beauties of this singular sport—in so few pages, Mr. Wright has added a new treasure to the canons of angling literature. He has done more than that. For this is more than a book that fly fishers will love, it is a book to make fly fishers of us all. ☐

Something Amiss with Martin

GEORGE SZAMUELY

London Fields, by Martin Amis (Crown, 480 pp., $19.95)

THE WIDELY reproduced photograph of Martin Amis distributed to publicize *London Fields* seems to encapsulate his career as a whole. Posing self-consciously against the background of a graffiti-disfigured wall on one of those West London bridges that arc the London Underground tracks where they run overground, the author looks sullen, yet self-assured. In contrast to the squalor of his surroundings as well as to the bleakly grey sky above, Amis himself is rather spruce: his suit casually elegant, his hair fashionably cut and obviously freshly washed. It is as if he were going on to a party once the photo session was over. Nonetheless, it is not there but here where he truly belongs, his scowl seems to suggest. Or, rather, is compelled to belong, since as an artist he has to be wherever whatever is going on goes on. And what goes on is . . . dreadful.

The titles alone of the succession of international literary events that have made up his enviably successful career—*Dead Babies, Success, Other People, Einstein's Monsters, The Moronic Inferno*—suggest that Amis takes a dim view of the times he is living in. Yet much of his fame also rests on his being a product—many will say, the embodiment—of the times he is living in. And Amis himself is well aware of this role. The greedy, self-centered, lustful narrator of his recent, enormously successful novel *Money* was called John Self. While he regularly impresses the gushing young females sent out to write profiles of him (as one from the *New York Times Magazine* recently was)

Mr. Szamuely is a former editor of the Times Literary Supplement *whose work frequently appears in* Commentary, The American Spectator, *and* Insight.

with magisterial pronouncements like "Money is a more democratic medium than blood, but money as a cultural banner—you can feel the whole of society deteriorating around you because of that. Civility, civilization is falling apart," he makes no secret of the astronomical scale of his own advances. Whatever force his writings possess comes from the vividness of his horrified descriptions of the tabloid press, junk food, obsession with sport, pornographic videos, TV soaps, and the rest of the familiar list of seedy manifestations of popular culture. At the same time, scarcely to be found are profiles of Amis that do not mention the pinball machine in his writing den, his dart board, his own obsession with snooker and soccer, or, come to that, the cigarettes that he always rolls with his hands. Clearly, then, Amis exists, as his admirers would put it, in a state of creative tension with the times he is living in.

So what is it "like to be alive now," as Amis puts it? What exactly is "modern life"? *London Fields*—a huge, dense, sprawling, plotless text—includes a number of its ingredients: jet lag, sports pages, 24-hour TV, darts, lots of porn in lots of places, lots of urban decay, lots of crime. The novel's subject-matter also should give us a clue. Three men, in the last year of the millennium, fantasize incessantly about the same woman, Nicola Six, who in turn indulges and even encourages these fevered imaginings.

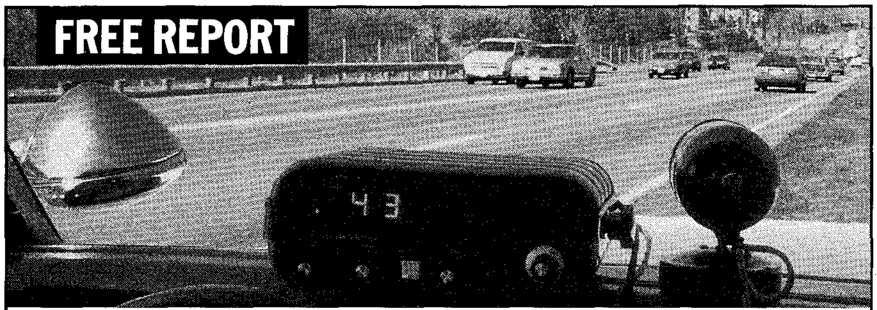
Of the three, by far the most vividly characterized is Keith Talent, who is basically a lower-class version of John Self: greedy, nasty, bullying, lascivious, gluttonous, feckless, illiterate, alcoholic, criminal. Nicola's second pursuer, Guy Clinch (the third is the narrator), is likewise more an inhabitant of the small box than of the traditional novel. He is aristocratic, effete, craving neither sex nor food nor booze; dominated by women; immensely wealthy. While Nicola turns Keith on by made-up stories of her past sexual adventures and seemingly perpetual baths during his visits, with Guy she adopts the opposite approach, insisting she not only is a virgin but has yet to learn to kiss. What sex there is in the novel—and there is very little—is all in the anticipation.

But there is more to this anticipation than prolonged tumescence; it informs the work's apocalyptic tone. Nicola, who "always knew what was going to happen next," has dreamt that she will be murdered on her next—her 35th—birthday. Onto this is fastened an implausible, allegorical superstructure whereby Nicola's envisioning, and subsequent encouragement, of her own murder is to be taken as the fate of our planet—destruction, for no reason whatsoever.

Nicola herself is all symbolism. She is meant to be the opposite to the Eternal Feminine, the Earth Goddess. She inspires sexual longing, but she herself feels none. Throughout, there are murmurings to the effect that Nicola, in her seductiveness and hostility to propagation, is like our planet, or least the way it has become. This does not make too much sense and seems on the face of it a rather pretentious way of handling the familiar equation of death with sex.

Amis himself revealed that an article in a newspaper led him to the idea that "people who are murdered are somehow psychologically predisposed to be murdered," and that since *London Fields* was to be nothing less than his "novel of the century"—one whose salient evils allegedly are nuclear weapons and the poisoning of the planet—the thought occurred to him, hey, "Is the planet the murderee?" Like his writings, these public pronouncements have a certain elliptical, perhaps incomprehensible, quality to them. He is perpetually dazzled with how funny and clever words can sound when they are strung together without the tiresome obligation to mean something. Some critics seize upon this trait as a further sign of the man's brilliance. Most readers, I suspect, will be reminded of the party bore who is so absorbed in telling his hilarious stories that he has ceased to notice the strained, unsmiling faces of his audience.

What exactly is *London Fields* about? Not very much, actually. There is certainly something bizarre in the appearance of a novel so apocalyptic and laden with doom at a time when the burdens of past struggles are finally being cast aside. In this Amis is firmly in step with the rest of the English intelligentsia, for whom the gain of Eastern Europe could not even begin to offset the loss arising from . . . Thatcherism. But Amis is more ambitious. He wants to take on



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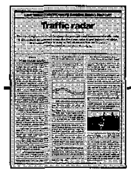


the century, not just the current decade. The novel about the century, however, turns out to be at best a series of amusing caricatures of Londoners, more or less intense versions of which we have all come across. As for the century as a whole, Amis is simply not interested enough in the world or its inhabitants to do them justice (if indeed such a thing is even conceivable). Yet the novel, with its preoccupation with the environment, with the Bomb, with urban deprivation, and with children is also an interesting warning shot of the progressive agenda for the 1990s. So maybe Amis is after all the embodiment of the times he is living in. ☐

SOUND ON DISC

Gluck, Handel, & the German Sentence

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

BEAUMARCHAIS, forgetting his Sevillian barber, once remarked that *"Il y a trop de musique dans la musique de théâtre."* Christoph Gluck, forgetting his success in Paris at "revolutionizing opera," remarked that the French product "reeks with music." Gabriel Fauré, who to many would epitomize the French school, rhapsodized that in abandoning Italianate artistry—"that titillator of the ear"—Gluck had "penetrated the spirit to move the heart" in his "powerful and expressive art." Virgil Thomson, dismissing Gluck as a musical confectioner, heard in the same operas "troupes of angels tripping down the major scale" and "gentlemen attempting from love's sickness to fly-y-y-y-y in vain." And he summed up, in wry admiration, Handel's oratorios as derived from "the German literary sentence, of which the outcome remains in suspense till the very end when the verb appears."

Is this confusing? Berlioz held Gluck in high esteem as composer and orchestral manipulator. Probably with alarming obtuseness, I react to Handel's *Messiah* and other of the oratorios in their annual reruns much as Bernard Shaw did to the Brahms *German Requiem*—one hearing is enough penance for a lifetime. But it is not that easy. Gluck may have subordinated music to libretto—drama comes first, the composer's contribution second—and lacked adequate training. But he did away with the *recitativo secco*—the dry gargling which with harpsichord accompaniment had filled the time between arias—and gave us a lilting orchestral background in amelioration of musical Original Sin.

Gluck bathed and breakfasted in controversy, so our confusions would have satisfied him only if we arrived at the conclusion that music had reached a permanent high point with him. But the test is elsewhere, namely in the music. And if it is true that both Gluck and Handel from time to time ascend and descend the same escalators of major and minor scales, we can judge for ourselves whether this is the *alpha* or the *omega* of their *oeuvre.* Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, *the* classic opera to some, in a version furbished by Berlioz into *Orphée et Eurydice*, is given to us by the Monteverdi Choir and the Orchestre de l'Opéra de Lyon, directed by the expert John Eliot Gardiner, with Anne Sofie von Otter, Barbara Hendricks, and Brigite Fournier as soloists (Angel/EMI CDCB 49834). And we also have Handel's *Jephtha* on original instruments, featuring the voices of Nigel Robson, Lynn Dawson, von Otter, the English Baroque Soloists, and the Monteverdi Choir, and again directed by Gardiner (Philips CD 422 315-2).

"If the mountain tops that sing" do not bow themselves at this beautifully wrought *Orphée*, it is not because Berlioz did not try his best. There may be some moments, and more, when one pauses to scratch. But there are also orchestral and vocal passages of singular loveliness in the three acts, and one can rejoice that it is von Otter and not one of the *castrati* of the original performances who sings Orpheus. As for the *Jephtha*, I know it is beautifully performed and I bow to my musical superiors who attest to its virtues. But I must confess that it takes me back to the times when I was trapped into performances of the *Messiah*—as earnest students with scores on their laps nodded solemnly. The composer may be very great. But I ask, "Why, in the musicological texts, is the linkage always 'Bach, Handel, and Haydn'?" Have I, have you, missed something? Or is it another case of Eliot's "In the room the women come and go / Talking of Michelangelo"?

■ Recently I have been hinting that perhaps we spend too much time in adoration of the very great in music—Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Berlioz, Brahms, etc.—forgetting that there are others who not only add to our knowledge and appreciation of the art but also give us very real satisfactions. The guilt is as much that of those who tend to mold our taste as that of the "average" listener. Having reached my anecdotage, I get increasing pleasure from music which in my brasher years I turned away from. And so I call to your attention Schumann's Piano Concerto in A Minor, recorded by Walter Gieseking, and his Cello Concerto in A Minor, by Tibor de Machula, both conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler with the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 427 799-2), digitalized from mono to CD. Furtwängler, one of the greatest conductors of our time, opposed Hitler and finally fled to Switzerland during the war—but we barred his passage to the United States when the festivities were over, though we admitted Herbert von Karajan, Hitler's drum major. The Schumann Piano Concerto gives us Gieseking playing the kind of music he played best. And it shows us how fine Furtwängler could be—warm, moving, precise, and getting the very best out of an orchestra. Schumann's melodic gifts were not of the greatest, but they are more than sufficient to make us listen with involvement, and be happy that we are listening.

■ With somewhat the same comment, I suggest that you listen to Jorge Bolet as he traverses Debussy's 16 Preludes. I had never heard Bolet's playing before, but he approaches with sensitivity and restraint what too often is made to sound like Kostelanetz tiptoeing through the tulips. What emerges from Bolet's fine and articulated reading is a realization of how much the "modernists" took from Debussy, and how little they gave in return (London

425 518-2). I would recommend Sir Georg Solti's performance of the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 1, with the Vienna Philharmonic and Andras Schiff at the keyboard, all very high-level Brahms, except for the quality of the digital recording (London 425 110-2). The first movement, the Maestoso, which should gleam, sounds fuzzy, at least on my equipment. Beyond this the quality improves, and in this rousing reading, we can understand why Johannes B. was so interested in ragtime. I mention this timidly, recalling the reaction when I noted that like Jelly Roll Morton, Brahms got his start as a performer playing piano in a whorehouse.

■ When I put *Black and Blue* on the CD turntable, I expected little more than warmed-over performances by less than warmed-over performers of once-great jazz songs and instrumentals. I was, happily, very wrong. For here you have Ruth Brown, an underappreciated jazz and blues singer, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith—backed by a group of jazz sidemen who are as brash and as true to the genre—giving us some gut-buckety and really *go* renditions of some of the great old standards. Here is the original Broadway cast putting out the likes of "Am I Blue?" "Body & Soul," "I'm Confessing," "After You've Gone," and even that rowdy Harlem nightclub special, "If I Can't Sell It, I'll Keep Sitting on It." The beat is there, and the authentic phrasing. The voices are there, too, and that wonderful drive in the band that will get you out of your chair every time. It's the kind of music and atmosphere that we once got in Harlem, before the blacks became unwilling to share their entertainment with us honkies (DRG CDSBL 19001). □

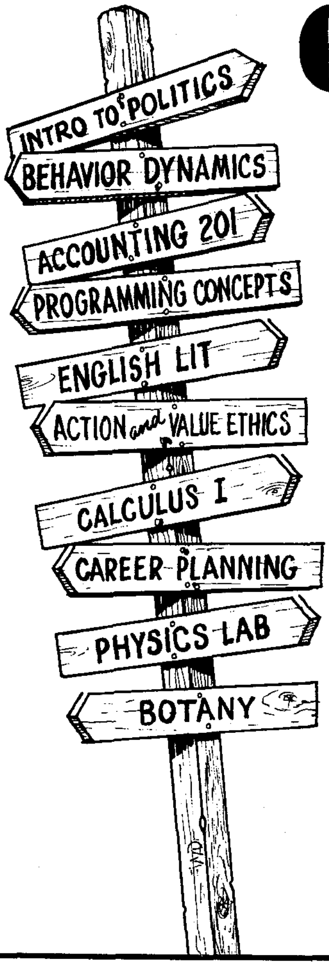
THE GIMLET EYE

Legalize Drugs

D. KEITH MANO

LET ME introduce Barbra: 22, pretty, Jewish, sweet. I got to know her last autumn while researching my new novel, *Topless*. Barbra is a go-go dancer. She can earn $1,000 a week, tax free. (Some industrious dancers triple that figure.) With Barbra as my chaperone, I traveled the New Jersey and upstate New York topless circuit—areas that were then unknown to me. In payment for her guide service I supplied transportation, a good tip, and breakfast at 5 A.M. Barbra was living with this guy, Joe. She always insisted we bring him a cheeseburger. I didn't think much about it. I liked Barbra. She was affable, unassuming, and streetwise. She did sleep a lot in the car, though.

Then, one Sunday afternoon, Barbra phoned me at home. The police were in her apartment. Joe had just threatened to kill her. Would I, she said, take care of her kitten for a while? She had to . . . go away. I said, Yes. Barbra came through my front door looking



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anxious and hyper. Everything distracted her. Where was she going away to? Well, Barbra said, she had a little problem. . . . So tell me, I said. Well, her little problem was with . . . heroin.

You coulda fooled me. I had no idea. I mean, heroin is such an unstylish drug, so 1950s. (Barbra snorted it, she didn't skin-pop.) And, frankly, she got along pretty well. She *functioned.* I thought: Well, at least she'll be rid of Joe, that's good—Joe, she told me (*now* she told me) was 49 years old, six-foot-five, black, and jealous. Joe had first given Barbra heroin when she was 19—he wanted to make her dependent on him. (He told Barbra it was some cocaine variant.) On Monday she took out an order of protection against Joe and went into the neighborhood methadone program.

That was November. Barbra hasn't kicked heroin yet. It isn't so easy to do, my friends. And, given that circumstance, I was wrong. Dumping Joe hasn't been such a good thing at all. Now, you realize, Barbra will have to score her own heroin. Last time I saw her—fragile, vulnerable, very white, afraid—she was headed for Harlem. One week before, her money had been stolen there. As Barbra went down the subway staircase, she said: "I don't understand. Why do I have to do this? Why won't they let me have any junk?"

"Because," I said, "you live in a stupid country with stupid laws."

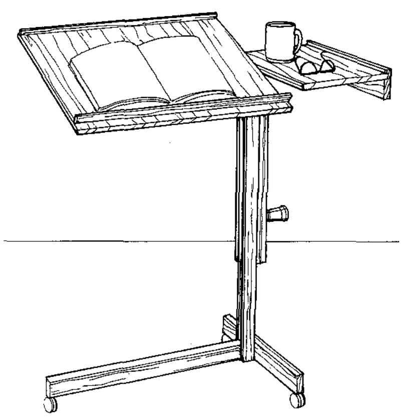
Before long Barbra will be beaten or raped or found dead: count on it. Another victory in the great American drug war.

Drugs are bad. But easily the worst thing about them is—they're illegal and (hence) they cost too much. A black addict father with three children, say, doesn't go bankrupt or take up chain-snatching because of heroin or cocaine. It is the grim *financial* hemorrhage that demoralizes an addict. In this sense our anti-drug stance has callously discriminated against poor people. If I were liberal, I could make an appealing case for legalization and government support. Rich folk in capitalist America can afford the cost of addiction, I'd say. Liberal Me might even propose Drug Stamps. Addicts, remember, are made desperate and dangerous because the substance they crave is illegal, unavailable, and expensive.

Addiction of that sort can deplete a culture. Not only has the user been maimed by his chemical dependency, he also is made to feel outlaw and inferior—instead of ill. We guarantee our addict population (people who are victims, really) a felon status by compelling it to purchase illicit material every single day. That doesn't build character. If drugs were legal, maybe the dude who mugged my son at knifepoint last October would never have left home. I put forward this heretical proposition: drug addicts might function well enough (not as pilot or bus driver, obviously), and contribute something to our culture in the way of work done and children loved, if their drugs were available at cost or below. Barbra, I know, would have been better off. As for the long-term effects—I agree, they're significant, at least as significant as the long-term effects of cigarette smoking or alcohol. (Joe, almost fifty, has been on heroin since 1960, more than one-quarter century, with only heart inflammation to indicate it. That and complete financial destitution.) Societies which tolerate drug addiction may sound slack and unattractive. Let me instead call them societies which have considerably reduced murder, theft, and catastrophic public expense—while treating their addict segment with kindness, not hostility. That has a better sound.

And, anyhow, I don't think our anti-drug laws are even *constitutional.* Let me frame a question that no one I know has yet been able to answer. In 1917 Congress sponsored the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting sale and transport of alcohol. It did so because there were still "wet" areas and, presumably, because anti-liquor legislation had questionable standing under the Constitution. We live under that same Constitution now. We are engaged in, call it by the right name, Drug Prohibition. How can Prohibition 1990 have secure legal standing without a similar amendment? I reckon that it doesn't.

Let us say I grow marijuana and sell my neighbor some (I haven't even crossed a state line)—what right can the Federal Government or Vermont or Boston have to arrest me, there being no demonstrable public danger? Recent Supreme Court rulings have adduced a right of "privacy" for fellatio and such-not—don't tell me that reading can't be made to cover private com-



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merce in pot or heroin. But, of course, Drug Prohibition has never been constitutional: the "mandate" derives from presumed consensus, not law. Yet that consensus has been shifting perceptibly toward legalization from about 1980 onward. This column is an instance of the shift. Drug Prohibition has been, in one sense, profoundly American—an example of our naïve and well-meaning, but misapplied, hope that enough money or enough statist interference will redeem "evil." It has also been profoundly un-American: Drug Prohibition violates individual freedom (including the freedom to commit suicide) and the Jeffersonian pursuit principle. As a result much of America is ambivalent about it.

Drugs will be legal, in some form or another, by 2010 A.D. I am sure of it. What we miss now is leadership: one statesmanlike candidate, just one, who will run for state or local office on a legalization ticket—with, say, Michael Gazzaniga as his science advisor. That politician will certainly lose. But he will also stand in the American chronicle as a man who foresaw and foreran events, who shortened the national misery. Moreover, he need not lose by all that much if his platform is NO MORE DEAD POLICEMEN rather than LEGALIZE this or that. Americans are exasperated by the Drug Prohibition body count. There has not been a more futile and spendthrift national effort since, well, Prohibition. From which, it is obvious, we learned nothing at all. We don't remember, for instance, that during Prohibition there were 22,000 illegal saloons open in Manhattan *alone*—far more than had existed before Prohibition.

NR has done much to confer seriousness on the legalization debate. And, understandably, I think: it is a conservative issue at base. (Though the 1965-mintage liberal can sympathize from his POV.) Drug commerce between one consenting adult and another is nobody else's business. And a free-market mechanism should obtain. Instead, our welfare socialist approach has given monopoly privilege to organized crime by default. Let Squibb and Pfizer manufacture crack: that would be cheaper, safer, and more humane. I think there is a tremendous potential constituency for legalization in America—but it is a constituency much intimidated by anti-drug passion and propaganda. Give us one candidate with vision and courage enough to challenge Drug Prohibition. I promise him or her at least a long footnote's worth of immortality.

Meanwhile the addict is persecuted. (Ernest van den Haag would've put Barbra in a POW camp.) Policemen have their heads blown away. Castro and the mob get richer. Law-observing people are mugged and murdered as urban inner America slouches toward chaos. Enough: let us confess that Drug Prohibition has been a witless and pathetic misadventure. For God's sake, end it soon. ☐

NOW SHOWING

Camille Claudel is the rather faithfully reported story of Rodin's mistress. As biography it rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu are mostly effective, and the best cinematography I have seen all year makes it, for me, a must.

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover is a true horror, a film whose detestableness is heralded by its ponderous title. I have always considered the interior decorator one of the more sinister influences on modern life, particularly when, like director Peter Greenaway, he sets himself up as a social-metaphysical moviemaker.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

The Handmaid's Tale is inept and annoying. I have scant use for author Margaret Atwood, screenwriter Harold Pinter, or director Volker Schlöndorff, and Natasha Richardson is miscast as a joyless sperm receptacle.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

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V.	Former baseball giant	90 195 211
W.	Member of a Baden-Powell group (2 words)	125 184 187 174 10 46 84 26
X.	Inappropriate Easter dish (2 words)	95 62 8 72 132 50 21 196 145 182
Y.	One kind of society	167 112 151 51 158 6 101
Z.	Member of the cat family	128 198 37 192 56 94 11
a.	Tibetan creature of lore	120 180 149 27

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 51 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

The Time Is Now

NEW YORK, APRIL 27

President Gorbachev's Chamber of Commerce speech in Sverdlovsk, named after the agent of Lenin who chose that site to execute the czar and his wife and children, brings to mind a dispatch published in this space almost a year ago, which began with the freighted sentence, "Remember the date: Friday, June 16, 1989."

What Gorbachev said on Thursday of this week was plain talk on the subject of economics. "If we do not get out of the system we're in—excuse my rough talk—then everything living in our society will die. . . . We will begin to asphyxiate" if reforms are not made, he said to the crowd.

And while he spoke in Sverdlovsk, at home in Moscow one of his chief economists, Stanislav Shatalin, was writing in *Pravda* that if economic change didn't take place, "we will find ourselves in a common grave." Shatalin went on: "While private ownership has already proved socially useful throughout the world, our state ownership has only proved that it can land the country in a mess."

What were they saying on June 16, 1989, that made that date remarkable? It was a seminar of economists who were also deputies in the new national congress of the Soviet Union, and that meeting, at the Institute of the Economy, was presided over by Leonid Abalkin, who had just been nominated by Gorbachev to serve as his deputy prime minister.

Addressing six hundred people, Abalkin said, "Our studies clearly show that if the economy is not stabilized over the next one and a half to two years [read: by June 1991] . . . a rightward swing by society is inevitable."

We all know what a "rightward swing" is. If you have forgotten, look up the nearest Lithuanian.

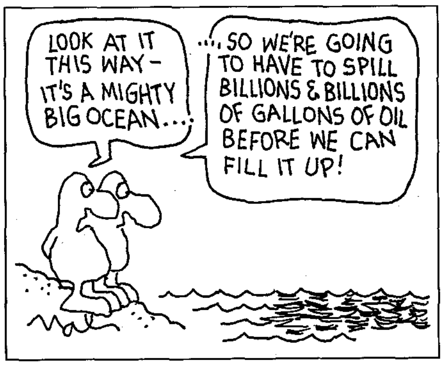
But Leonid Abalkin was only one of the speakers at the June 16, 1989, economic conference. Another deputy, Vladimir Tikhonov, spoke in terms of the ultimate economic coin: hunger. In the absence of economic progress, there will be "famine in the very near future." How can famine be avoided? "Until farmers own the land and decide for themselves what to grow, there will be no increase in production."

The next speaker saw Tikhonov and raised him one. Viktor Belkin is a research economist from the Academy of Sciences. "The economy is becoming increasingly cannibalistic, feeding on itself." Oleg Bogomolov, another economist, carried the idea of private property beyond agriculture. "Without personal property, workers don't have the power of the work force and can't decide how to use their labor."

But could all of this simply be dismissed as rhetoric designed to spur on an indolent population? Gennady Lisichkin, another deputy and economist, warned against dismissing the plight of the Soviet economy as a "pre-crisis": "We are in deep crisis." And how had the Gorbachev government treated that crisis? By printing more rubles. To put in positions of power the kind of people who deal with economic scarcity in that way is "like putting an alcoholic in charge of a liquor shop."

Meanwhile every day brings confirmation of the scale of the plight of the Soviet economy. We are indebted to a handful of economic analysts, including Soviet technicians, for analyzing the raw data, and substantially to William Safire for publicizing the results of egregious CIA mis-estimates. We coasted along for years on the assumption that the Soviets' output was about half our own and that they were spending in the neighborhood of 15 per cent of it on armament. In fact, their GNP is less than one-third our own and they have been spending as much as 25 per cent of that on armament. Try doing that and living on Marxist–Leninist principles and you get the awful mess faced today by the Soviet leadership.

Late last year I proposed a grand exchange. Our dollars, their guns. The Soviet Union needs iron-lung sustenance as it moves, as it must move, toward a free-market economy. We should avoid coexistence with a convulsive creature that commands 12,000 nuclear warheads. The proposal: Give them what they need to sustain life—in exchange for radical disarmament. For a reduction in their nuclear and conventional power to defense proportions. They wouldn't do it? Why? Pride? Is there a greater fall in pride than that of Gorbachev's saying that "asphyxiation" is where the Soviet Union is heading under the aegis of the economic and philosophical mandates of Communism's progenitive saints? Even Stalin's pride wasn't enough to keep him from signing a treaty with Adolf Hitler. Go go go, Mr. Bush. Now. ☐


LOOK AT IT THIS WAY—IT'S A MIGHTY BIG OCEAN...
...SO WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPILL BILLIONS & BILLIONS OF GALLONS OF OIL BEFORE WE CAN FILL IT UP!
Mal

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Ecological Misgivings

NEW YORK, APRIL 25

There was a certain sullenness aroused among many conservatives by the orgiastic quality of Earth Day, and by some of its principal players. The quality of appreciation shown for the earth ranged from worship to exaltation. The most conspicuous advocates reminded us of Jane Fonda. And the programs that seem to appeal to them take us back to the days when Professor John Kenneth Galbraith sat so happily in the cockpit of the Office of Price Controls during the war, beaming with pleasure at the knowledge that by flicking this switch or that one, he could raise the price of pork, or lower that of string beans.

Some of the noisiest speakers at the rallies were members of rock groups. Now one should, one supposes, understand that, when one can't express one's artistic impulses without the aid of sirens and other cannonade, one will find it appropriate to concern oneself with forms of pollution other than those having to do with noise. But . . . there is a certain . . . reluctance . . . to accept immediately the good offices of someone who is urging a hygienic earth and hasn't shaved for four days, sired an illegitimate baby last month, and more likely than not will have a couple of tokes over the weekend—over the weekend, hell, tonight.

Then there are the intellectual types, the Barry Commoners and Carl Sagans, about whom one needs fiercely to repress the inclination to believe that they would like to see the planet perish from nuclear winter or the greenhouse effect if that is what it takes to prove them prophets, and to annihilate any American who ever created anything other than a term paper. There is the consolidated case against these particulate-chasers, very simply put. If they believe in tender loving care for the world, why don't they drop their ideological objection to nuclear power, and urge the United States Government and American industry to go for this generating method, which is safe this side of Jane Fonda movies, gradually replacing raw ecological irritants like coal? But no: the folk we speak of are committed to their decalogue of sins against nature, and nuclear anything is always wrong.

To a significant degree, the pure-earth movement is a young people's movement. This is in part because young people are more idealistic, in part also because they are drawn to abstract causes. Young people are the kind who are inspired to volunteer for hazardous duty. A fascinating recent poll done by Yankelovich and published in *Time* Magazine asks the question, "Was the U.S. right or wrong to get involved in the Vietnam War?" Answer by the "U.S. Public": Right, 29 per cent; wrong, 57 per cent. The same question, asked of "Vietnam Vets": Right, 58 per cent; wrong, 32 per cent. And almost the same response to the question: "Are you proud of the role the U.S. played in Vietnam?" U.S. Public: Yes, 39 per cent; Vietnam Vets: Yes, 61 per cent.

We may be seeing in these figures loyalty to the idealism of a job undertaken, never mind that it failed. But we see also satisfaction taken from an effort made to interrupt what we can now know unmistakably to have happened. Far more deaths were caused in Vietnam after the war ended, than while it went on. Add to those figures the greatest genocidal exercise in the history of nations, done by Cambodians to Cambodians. To wear a badge that says, "I tried to prevent that from happening," yields understandable satisfaction.

We are missing, in our struggle to keep the planet habitable, a sense of proportion. The man in Los Angeles whose gesture is to use his bicycle every day to make the 26-mile round trip to his office is elevating, but less than satisfying: it would require a million cyclists in Los Angeles to make a difference. The principally useful instrument at our disposal is the market. To say that no factory in Detroit may emit air with a higher toxic content than *x*, *y*, or *z* is to indulge in the Procrustean fallacy. To say that any factory that goes beyond *x* has to pay a tax of $1 million, beyond *y* $2 million, beyond *z*, $3 million . . . brings adjustments that retain the resilience of the market and permit individual enterprises to make judgments as to whether they wish to pay for a portion of the planetary wastebasket.

In some respects one needs to be categorical. There is no spot on the beach that one can pay to despoil. But the rodomontade we heard on Earth Day, much of it, was not devoted to making distinctions. It was devoted, instead, to creating Heaven on earth, and that trip we've all taken before. □

Tax Liberation Day Moves Forward

NEW YORK, APRIL 18

The Tax Foundation has informed us that May 5 is the day of the year (1990) in which the federal, state, and local governments are paid off. From that day on, the median American is working for his own account. The question immediately arises: What is the historical picture? When did Liberation arrive last year? A decade ago?

The news is sobering, in particular because it is widely supposed that government spending sharply decreased under President Reagan. We learn that this is not so: what decreased was the rate of increase in federal spending.

In 1980, the last of Jimmy Carter's years in office, Tax Liberation came on May 1. One year later, it moved sharply forward to May 4. Then in 1982, it began the Reagan Retreat, coming on May 3. After the recession blew over real progress was visible, and in 1983, Liberation came on April 30. The best year was 1984, with Liberation coming on April 28, an experience we hadn't had since 1975. But then the rise resumed. In 1985, April 30. Same for 1986. In 1987, May 4. In 1988, May 5.

We do well to ask: Is the sharp rise between 1986 and 1987 primarily the responsibility of the Federal Government, or of other governments, state and local? Answer: Exclusively the responsibility of the Federal Government. Non-federal spending accounted for 55 minutes of the eight-hour working day in 1986, and for 55 minutes in 1987. The Federal Government's take rose from 103 minutes to 108 minutes. It is worth pondering these figures in the light of the conventional wisdom that the United States is undertaxed. But then it is not possible to level that charge in the absence of ambient figures: How much are we spending? The answer to that is: More than we are collecting—by about $150 billion. But one must beware static analysis. That we run a deficit of $150 billion does not mean that the deficit will fade away faster if we increase taxes. Professor Lawrence Lindsey of Harvard, in his book *The Growth Experiment*, foresees an elimination of the deficit in the next four or five years provided a) we hold down spending; and b) we do not, repeat not, raise taxes.

In the immediate future, the Tax Foundation advises us that the estimate for 1990 of our nominal income growth comes to 5.7 per cent. But the projected increase in tax is 7.2 per cent. Tax increases, in other words, will outpace the growth in individuals' incomes during 1990. The long view of it is captured by the following figures. Tax Liberation Day came, in the last year of President Eisenhower's tenure, on April 17. In the last year of Lyndon Johnson's, on April 25. In the last year of Richard Nixon's, on May 3. In that year, the Federal Government was spending 105 minutes' worth of the eight-hour day; the other governments, 56 minutes. The state governments have more or less held the line (55 minutes in 1988), while the feds have climbed to 110 minutes. And then we get a cosmopolitan picture of it all by asking about other countries. The figures for Japan are unreliable, but we learn that Tax Liberation Day arrives in Great Britain on June 2, in West Germany on June 11, in France on June 23, and in Sweden—on August 18.

The figures, nonetheless, blow away the argument that public-sector spending has significantly diminished in the Reagan years. It simply has not. The figures, moreover, substantiate that the top 1 per cent, as also the top 5 per cent, are paying more tax than they paid before, while the bottom quintile are paying less tax—even taking into account the rise in Social Security payments, substantially offset by the earned-income tax credit. It would be refreshing to hear national candidates adopt, as the goal for their Administrations, pushing back Tax Liberation Day. Nice for Mr. Bush to strike out for "May 1 in 1993," especially since May 1 used to be the great celebration day of the Communists, back when the Communists celebrated Communism. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

OFF THE RECORD

■ Little more than a year ago the outlook for Republicans in the Congress was bleak. Jim Wright (D., Tex.) still reigned supreme from his Speaker's throne; a Democratic majority threatened to strangle any Administration initiative; and the Republicans had just come off losing three seats in the House even in the midst of the Bush landslide. Now things are starting to look decidedly better, with Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) as Minority Whip and a host of young conservatives in the second tier of leadership positions.

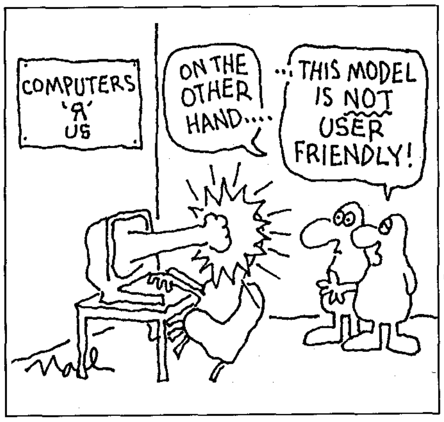
The most telling recent change was the appointment of Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.) to the National Republican Congressional Committee. Mr. Weber's appointment slipped through largely unnoticed—he doesn't even have a formal NRCC title—but it's no secret that he was put in to wrest control from the Old Bulls who have simply been there too long. One particular obstacle is the director of finance and administration, Wyatt Stewart. Over the years Mr. Stewart has raised oodles of money for the NRCC, but Cato hears that he could bring in twice as much if he modernized his operation, and the Republicans need *four* times as much if they are to have a real shot at a takeover of the House come 1992. Complaints are that Mr. Stewart's fundraising efforts are 12 years out of date and that his control over both finance and administration handcuffs co-chairman Ed Rollins.

We thus expect that Representative Weber's appointment means that Mr. Stewart will be leaving soon. After all, the 1990 elections are only a few months away, and those who will be leading the charge need to make their mistakes this year so they can learn from them in time for the real test in 1992. Republicans have begun to apply conservative principles to local problems, and the foot soldiers are falling into place. What Mr. Weber does over the next few months will tell us whether the officers are ready, too.

■ On the campus of Williams College in western Massachusetts, meanwhile, the administration is terrified that William Bennett (Class of '65) will be coming up for his 25th class reunion on June 8. Right now Mr. Bennett is debating whether he will attend. Williams, of course, has changed considerably since he was a pink-cheeked freshman, and among other things boasts a faculty that went for Michael Dukakis—no doubt with a higher percentage than the Duke got from his own family.

In addition, the college has over the past two years granted tenure sight unseen to a black poly-sci professor now almost uniformly regarded as incompetent; denied tenure to two highly popular conservative professors; allowed the president's office to be occupied for two weeks by a group calling itself the Committee against Racist Education; had a college chaplain sponsor a trip to see a Mapplethorpe exhibit; etc. Fortunately, most of this is now covered by the *Williams Observer*, a fresh new voice started a year ago by a group of bright young Williams conservatives concerned with the leftward drift of their school.

Like so many other colleges Williams counts on contributions from its alumni (Williams's are among the most loyal in the nation in terms of the percentage that contribute), who don't know exactly where their money goes and probably wouldn't like it if they did. This is a particularly sensitive moment for Williams, in that officials are in the midst of a Third Century Campaign to raise $150 million by 1992. Their great fear, consequently, is that a speech by Czar Bennett on the rights of donors might lead to some embarrassing questions and put a crimp in donations. Sounds to us as if Mr. Bennett should go.


COMPUTERS 'Я' US
ON THE OTHER HAND....
...THIS MODEL IS NOT USER FRIENDLY!
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■ That's not the only Bennett news. Seems that recently CBS News aired an attack on the Administration's drug program. Fair enough. The segment featured the former chief of the Drug Enforcement Agency in New York, Robert Stutman, and the gist of the message was that the Administration was concentrating too much on law enforcement.

What CBS didn't tell you was that, before becoming a consultant to CBS News, Mr. Stutman had applied to be Mr. Bennett's deputy for supply at the Office of National Drug Policy—in other words, part of the same team he now attacks. Even more interesting is that Dan Rather had himself called Mr. Bennett to recommend Mr. Stutman, which of course might help explain why the latter never did get the job. A *New York Post* account of the tiff had CBS denying that Mr. Rather made the call, but at an *American Spectator* press dinner the Drug Czar says that he recalls this call quite clearly. We're waiting to hear your side, Dan.

■ Last, the Americans with Disabilities Act is making its way through Congress again, a behemoth of a bill that would give homosexuals the same rights as disabled people, while imposing crushing costs on American enterprise. Unfortunately the President gave his blessing to the ADA too early, and so the only way to kill it for this term would be to introduce a tax-credit provision to relieve some of the pressure on the small businesses that will be footing the bill. Such a provision would spoil everyone's budget estimates and thus probably put ADA on hold at least for another year. There is backing for a tax credit, but the only way it can come up is if the Rules Committee allows it to be introduced on the floor, and proponents need the President's help on that fight. Hence the question conservative House members are now asking themselves: Where *is* George? —CATO

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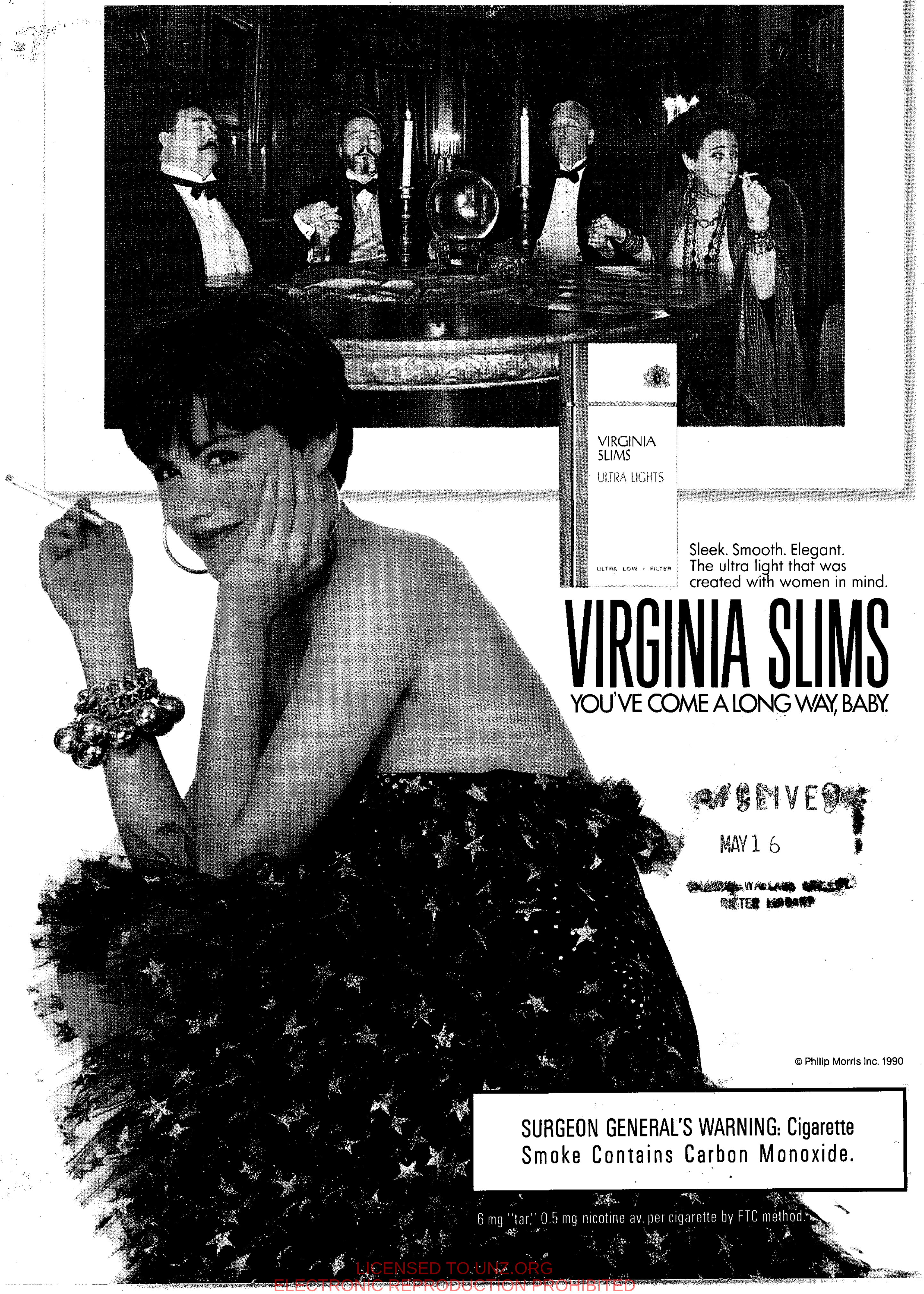
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